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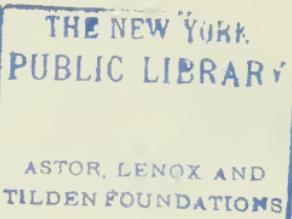
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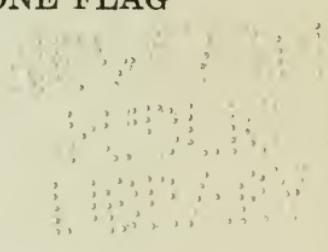
A. M. Crary

The A. M. Crary Memoirs and Memoranda

Written by Himself

MOTTO

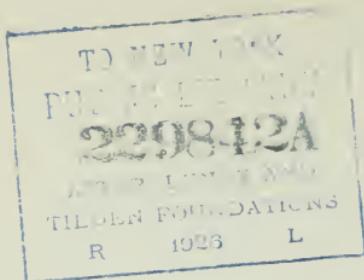
“ONE COUNTRY, ONE FLAG”



HERINGTON, KANSAS

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To My Wife and Children
Herington, Kansas
July 1915

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PART FIRST
BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY

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Mrs. Sabra A. Crary

FOREWORD

The preface of a book is more of a matter of form than of any particular usefulness in getting at the facts contained therein. I propose, therefore, to submit this VOLUME to you, kind reader, with the simple assurance that the design from first to last is to give Variety rather than Sameness, so as not to weary your patience with long drawn out Formula, which too often has a tendency to cause one to become impatient to arrive at the real pith of the argument, and in many cases to cause a person to throw a book aside before reading it half through.

PART FIRST contains Biography, Genealogy and Reminiscences connected with the Author's Civil and Military life.

PART SECOND contains a partial Record of the Crary families from Peter and John Crary down through Seven generations to the present time. Also

THE A. M. CRARY MEMOIRS

of the C. C. Teats Families.

PART THIRD contains a variety of Choice Selections, in Prose and Verse, to which is added a number of popular Grand Army songs.

With these bare statements I do hereby offer you these MEMOIRS, REMINISCENCES, Etc. for that favorable consideration and approval which I confidently hope and expect it will receive at your hands.

A. M. CRARY

INTRODUCTORY

It has been my earnest desire for many years to leave a part of life's record behind me; not that I am vain enough to think that I have been so fortunate as to "distance" others who may have started in the race of life along with me, but that what I may have accomplished for the benefit of mankind, and as a member of society in general, during the eighty years that I have been privileged to remain on earth, may—in after years—prove of some benefit to my family and friends.

And I desire, right here at the beginning, to acknowledge my special indebtedness to each and all who have so kindly assisted me in the matter of hunting up the Genalogical records of the Crary families, from Peter and John Crary down, a review of which will be found in the Appendix to this work and in its

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proper place, as well as to all my relatives and friends who have come to my assistance in the labor before me. Kindness such as theirs can never be forgotten.

Thrown into life as I was and at a time when all the energies of mankind had to be quickened to their utmost capacity, in order to acquire a decent livlihood, I early learned what it was to labor with my hands, and at the age of fourteen years to do a man's day's work in the field.

A common school education was very hard to obtain, and a higher knowledge of book learning was almost next to an impossibility. However, I am pleased to say that with the kind assistance of the older members of our family, I had, at the age of a dozen years or so, succeeded in mastering the four ground rules of arithmetic, sufficient at least to graduate from the old log school house at the Rose Corners, with tolerable high honors, and was permitted to enter the preparatory course in the Crary school district one mile farther south, where that accomplished educator, Miss

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Emily Merritt, sister of General Edwin A. Merritt, of Potsdam, was employed as Law-Maker, Judge, Jury and High-Executioner, at a salary of Ten Dollars a month, with the privilege of Boarding Around, which was common in those parts at that day and age of the world. And I may truthfully say, that right then and there was laid the groundwork for an education that has carried me through life.

And now, before approaching the real matter at issue, I am prompted to explain that the advent of the Crary families into America is dated way back into the year 1663, when two Brothers, Peter and John Crary, left their native home near Glasgow, Scotland, and after a tempestuous voyage of many weeks across the Atlantic Ocean, arrived at Boston, Massachusetts.

Boston was then but a small village, only about thirty years old, and while the younger brother, John was willing to take up an abode in that Metropolis, Peter journeyed southward and finally brought up at the little town of New London, Connecticut, where in

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due time, to-wit: In 1677 he married Miss Christobel Gallup, daughter of Capt. John Gallup, who was at the time an officer in the British Army under His Majesty King William 3rd, and it was from that union that my own line of descent has been traced.

Before going into my immediate line of descent it is proper that I proceed to explain the real and only line from Peter Crary down through the six generations which is as follows:

PETER was blessed with four sons, to wit:

ROBERT, William, Peter 2nd and John.

ROBERT had seven sons, to wit:

CHRISTOPHER, William, Robert 2nd, Aaron, Benjamin, George and Oliver.

CHRISTOPHER had two sons, to wit:

EZRA and Elias.

EZRA had two sons, to wit:

NATHAN and Nathaniel.

NATHAN had eight sons, to wit:

APPLETON, Ezra, Nathan, Orin, Smith, Edward, Wesley and Stephen.

And according to Bible parlance, the line of de-

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scent may be stated as follows:

PETER begat ROBERT;

ROBERT begat CHRISTOPHER;

CHRISTOPHER begat EZRA;

EZRA begat NATHAN; and

NATHAN begat APPLETON and his Brethren.

The other line of descent from Capt. John Crary we have succeeded in tracing along down to Dr. George Waldo Crary of 771 Madison Ave., New York City, with whom I am in correspondence regarding this matter at this time.

And I may also be permitted to add, that several other families belonging to that branch of the Crary family, I have been able to locate in Massachusetts, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri and also in Kansas where the Sunflowers bloom, and where the annual supply of wheat, corn and other products of the soil, sufficient to feed a nation, may always be reckoned upon.

And now, without further explanation along this

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line for the present, I will come down to the 4th generation from Peter Crary, above referred to, and will introduce to your notice my Grandfather, Nathan Crary, who married Lydia Arnold, a near relative of Hon. Stephen Arnold Douglass, at Clarendon, Vermont, on the 1st day of May, A. D. 1783; and I will further state that the said Stephen A. Douglass was the widely known Democratic politician, the same Judge Douglass who was a United States Senator from Illinois, and was the author of that celebrated "Kansas Nebraska Bill", organizing that part of the Public Domain into Territories.

He was also the Democratic nominee for President of the United States against "Old Uncle Abe" in 1860, but was, as we all know, defeated at the polls, and I am proud to say that after his defeat he was an ardent supporter of Mr. Lincoln in his war policy to save the Union, and kindly offered his services to that end.

However, he was taken violently ill at Chicago, Illinois, and passed into the Great Beyond without be-

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ing able to demonstrate his usefulness to any considerable extent, except to say to his political friends, both North and South, "The Constitution and Laws of the United States must and shall be Obeyed!" And I am also very glad to say that the advice given by that Noble Senator was much heeded by the rank and file belonging to his party, and that his predictions finally became true.

Previous to his marriage, Grandfather Nathan Crary served as a private soldier in the Revolutionary War from 1778 to 1781, and was honorably discharged in December, 1781, afterwards drawing a small pension from the United States Government for honorable service in line of duty. This pension he drew regularly every three months until the day of his death, which occurred on the 3rd day of March, A. D. 1852, and at the advanced age of Ninety years.

After their marriage as aforesaid, they removed to Wallingford, Vermont, where several of their children, including my father, Appleton Crary, was born.

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They then removed to Swanton, Falls, Vt., and in the early part of 1804, hearing of the new country that was opening up in northern New York, they loaded up their effects in a couple of lumber wagons, and bidding farewell to friends of many years, started for, they knew not where, but without chart or compass they began their journey westward.

They crossed Lake Champlain at or near where the City of Rouse's Point now stands, and in due time and with little trouble, arrived at the crossing of the St. Regis river at a point where Hogansburg afterwards was built. There they were detained for several weeks on account of high water, but after effecting a safe crossing took their course to the southwest, a distance of forty miles or more with only a blind trail to guide them on their way, and finally brought up at the very point where the village of Potsdam now stands. There they stuck their stakes, first holding a council of war, and deciding that "A bird in the hand was worth two in the bush."

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My mother was a daughter of John Hopkins, who was also a soldier in the Revolutionary War. She was born at Pittsford, Rutland county, Vermont, the family coming to St. Lawrence county about the same time the Crary family did, settling between where Canton and Ogdensburg was afterwards built.

I learn from those who have the records still preserved that their claim was on the direct road between Canton and the "Burg," and that Grandfather Hopkins built what was afterwards commonly known as the Woodbridge Tavern which may possibly be standing, some parts of it at least, at this time.

Grandfather Hopkins afterwards purchased land near where the old County Poor Farm was located, and where he died in 1825, after raising a family of fourteen children; and had there been a newspaper published anywhere in that vicinity in the year 1808, the following marriage notice would doubtless have appeared therein:

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"Married, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Hopkins, Sunday March the 8th, 1808, Mr. Appleton Crary of Potsdam and Miss Roby Hopkins of Canton, Stillman Foot, Magistrate, performing the marriage rites."

The wedding presents consisted of a good, sharp axe, presented to the groom by the bride's father, and a modern, hen's-feather-bed to the bride, a present from her mother. These were usually the wedding presents given at that day.

Being each of a family of fourteen children themselves, this new couple continued to observe the usual custom, as poor as they were, and in due time the three families of Nathan Crary, John Hopkins and Appleton Crary—my father—could boast of fourteen children in each family, or forty-two in all, the writer hereof being the youngest of the three broods.

And as hard times as it was in those days, later in

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life I often heard my father and mother say that the happiest days of their life was when they could climb up the stairs of the old log house and tuck up eight or ten children in bed every night, knowing that even if they were under a thatched roof where snow in the winter beat in apace, they were under their own vine and fig tree, and knew where they could find them in the morning.

The entire Crary family, so far as I am able to learn, were members of the Wesleyan Methodist church and four or five of them, including my father, were ministers of the gospel the greater portion of their lives.

As far as even a common school education was concerned, they had none at all until the older members of the family were too old to attend school. I have heard my father say that he never went to school more than three months in his life. However, the family were all of a disposition to acquire knowledge, therefore in after life there were few if any in that section

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of the country who were able to boast of a better knowledge of history and other matters in general than they. The Holy Bible was always the rule and guide to their faith, and this naturally led them into the ministry as above mentioned.

And while the entire family were members of the Methodist church, all were more liberal in their views than the majority of their co-workers; my father leaning a good deal more toward the Universalist faith than any of the rest. He knew the Bible from beginning to end, and could turn to almost any passage in it at a moment's notice. He could therefore "hoe his row" with anyone who might attack him in debate.

In all his years of Ministry he always preferred to avoid as much as possible, the "rocks and shoals" usually to be found in shallow waters, and to keep along in the safe channels where the waters are always deep. Knowing that man in his best estate is subject to frailties and errors, he was ever inclined to cover their faults and imperfections with the broad mantle of

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charity and brotherly love. He was in full accord with the thought that the Heavenly Father has far greater love for his children than an earthly parent can possibly show.

The dictates of his own conscience always prompted him in this line of belief, and nothing on earth could cause him to depart from that conclusion. The words of the Prophet Mica, the greatest of them all, were dear to him when he said: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do Justly, and to love Mercy, and to walk Humbly with thy God?"

A personally acquired education was all that my mother ever had, but at the same time she was able to write as fine a hand as most graduates from the High School; notwithstanding the fact that she learned to write on birch bark with a sharp stick. This she learned too, after she was married. From the first time she was able to use a quill, she became quite proficient in the matter of letter writing, and before her death she had worked up a correspondence in almost one-half as many states as she was years old.

ANOTHER MOUTH TO FILL

So far as I have ever been able to learn, my advent into the world was little thought of except that there was another mouth to fill and more wood to be chopped in order to keep the old fireplace going through the long, cold winter, which was close upon us. This was on the 20th day of November, 1834, and in that northern country, with the mercury often down to 38 and 40 degrees below zero, it required most strenuous efforts on the part of the entire Crary family to get along during the next four months at least, and until the breaking up of spring should bring new life and energy to the surrounding multitude.

Our folks were by no means alone in the dread of the long, cold winter, for about every farmer throughout the length and breadth of Old St. Lawrence county, was just about in the same fix. There was but little

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money in circulation in those days, taxes had to be paid in gold or silver, and interest on the land purchased of corporations always had to be promptly reckoned upon. However, time always flew merrily at our house. The older boys and girls were soon able to teach school during the winter months, but at a very low salary of course, generally about seven to ten dollars a month, and board around. And ere I had attained my tenth birthday, I was proficient in the art of potato planting, corn hoeing and sap gathering in the spring, which was and still is the boy's delight wherever sugar trees are to be found.

My early school experience at the Sam Rose corners near our house, and in the Crary school house has already been mentioned, hence I have only to add that the half dozen terms of select school I attended with Rev. Philetus Montague as Preceptor, and two terms at the Potsdam school was about all I had. However, it was sufficient to allow me a First Grade Certificate, and to enter upon my twenty odd years of school work

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that followed, first in Minnesota, then several years in Illinois, and still later on in this, Dickinson County, Kansas, where I not only taught school for several terms, but served from 1874 to 1883 as County Superintendent of Public Instruction.

GETTING INTO POLITICS, NOW

The first remembrance I have of creeping into politics was in October, 1840, when I was only six years old. I went to Potsdam village with my folks, to a ratification meeting and hung around the old "log cabin" erected on the square in front of the American House of which my Uncle Warren Clark was proprietor; watching the Coons climbing over it and occasionally taking a sup of "hard cider," which was free to everybody, and enjoying the campaign songs of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" until way along in the night when we trundled off home in the old lumber wagon a distance of ten miles and better.

The next campaign of any note that I remember of was in the fall of 1844, when James K. Polk of Tennessee was at the head of the Democratic ticket for President of the United States, and that accom-

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plished citizen, Hon. Silas Wright of Canton, was on the same ticket for Governor of the great state of New York. During that fall the usual number of campaign songs were in vogue, among which was one with the following chorus which many no doubt will also recollect. It ran along this way:

“Poor Coony Clay is full of woe,
Democracy has laid him low;
Polk is the man, I told you so,
For Polk and Dallas we’re all the go.”

While the campaign that fall was going on, Governor Silas Wright while on his rounds, campaigning, came to our house for one of his favorite calls, and during his stay the neighborhood poet happened in and the Governor asked him what the political situation was about there, upon which the old poet took out of his pocket a scrap of paper and soon produced the following:

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"My friend you ask me what I know
Of the campaign that's raging so;
Therefore I'll tell it you in rhyme,
In common sense if not sublime.

The voters living here abouts,
With Polk and Dallas are at outs,
Nor have they use for Clay's demands,
For recognition at their hands."

We have no faith in promise made,
By men who think it right to trade
In human kind if he be black,
And naught but rags upon his back.

But men like you, true in the past,
We'll surely stand by to the last,
So now don't let them trouble you,
You're Wright, without the W."

Polk and Wright were both elected at the November election that fall, and three years thereafter,

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Governor Wright blankly refused a nomination for President of the United States, preferring a quiet life at home among his tried and true friends in Old St. Lawrence. But fate had decreed that this quiet was not to be of long duration, for in May following his retirement, death came suddenly upon him at his home in Canton village, at the age of 52 years. His name has ever been a household word wherever Governor Silas Wright was known, and his remains are now safely guarded in the Canton Cemetery Grounds.

A COAT OF MANY COLORS

My boyhood days were just about as pleasant and endurable as most of the others about town, but once in a while I ran up against a proposition that actually took me off my feet. One fall along about 1846 or 1847 my mother, the very best she could do, was put to her wits ends to scrape up cloth enough to clothe us all for the winter, consequently something desperate had to be done. Well, she finally hit upon the plan to make up the garments as usual as long as the cloth would last, then trust to luck for the balance. And she did, and with a good deal of coaxing and engineering she accomplished what she undertook.

It was in this wise: By the time that all the other boys and father was provided for in the matter of coats, pants and vests, the cloth for coats was nearly exhausted, and there wasn't enough left of any one

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kind to make "Little Mell" a coat, and there's where the trouble came in.

Well, she went to work with a will, dyed all the lighter colored patterns as nearly alike as possible, and in due time produced the "Coat of many colors" referred to above, and the very vexatious situation the family was brought up against was supposed to be disposed of.

Not so, however, for as soon as the boys and girls at school saw it they all began to call me "Little Joseph" and to hint that the older boys of the family might get a bit jealous of my preferment, and might possibly sell me down into Egypt as did once befall the youngest of a family away back in Bible times. Now you should have seen little I clipper off home and put up the most strenuous kick against that coat that the Crary family had seen for many a day.

But the matter was soon compromised and the trouble all ironed out under the most faithful promise that I should go to the very next circus that came

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around and have plenty of pocket money for gingerbread and enough to take me into the side-show to boot. And in addition to this, my brother Ezra, who taught the school, issued an edict at once that the pupils should all cease and abandon the title of "Little Joseph"; and barring the fact that my winter coat was scuffed out as fast as possible, no one had any farther reason to complain.

THE BITTER WITH THE SWEET.

Much of my home life on the farm I thought to be the worst kind of drudgery, but there were so many pleasures mixed along with it that I made out to pass the time without serious difficulties of any kind. Once in a while during the summer season a circus would put in an appearance, either at Canton or Potsdam, and we were always sure of a good time, for our good mother was always a great admirer of entertainment of any kind, consequently she seldom ever failed to have spare change enough laid up to give the children a number one outing on such occasions as those, but when the "general trainings" came up in the fall, we usually had to shift for ourselves.

I remember of going to mill with a grist to grind when I was about ten years old, and Uncle Hank Mead, the miller, gave me the greatest surprise I had ever

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enjoyed. Says he, "Come here Mell. They tell me there's goin' to be a circus in Canton next week. Are you going to take it in with the rest of the boys?"

"Sure", said I, "but it's pretty close times at home this summer, and I don't know yet where the money's comin' from."

Now what should that good old uncle of mine do, but to hobble along to his desk with an old cane that he always used to bring up that game leg of his, and to reach in and bring out an old, dusty pocket-book he had, open it up and spirit out a bright, shining silver quarter, and handing it to me, said "There, boy, go to the circus and have a good time."

Uncle Hank never forgot the boys, you know, if it took the last quarter in that old pocket-book of his. I assure you I never forgot to do Uncle Hank a kindness after that whenever I could, and the only chance I ever got, so far as my memory goes, was several years after that, when he was too crippled up to run Uncle Ned Crary's mill any longer, I went to his

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home and presented him with the nicest cane I could find in the market, reminding him of the good time I had at the circus spending that bright silver quarter he had given me.

Our father was always a hard working man himself, consequently he expected his boys to work about as many hours in the field as he did. Also he had learned to manage us boys in order to get the most out of us, and with the least bit of scolding too. I don't remember of getting a good lacing from him but once, and that scared me almost to death, although it didn't hurt me a bit. It was on my tenth birthday that he caught me picking up blocks in the back yard where he was squaring a log, preparatory to putting it into the frame house we were expecting to build the next summer. He kept telling me to keep out of the way for fear I'd get hurt, but I didn't seem to remember it long, and pretty soon he grabbed up a little switch that was near at hand and began laying it on over my back and shoulders to beat the band. Of course I

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began to yell, "I'll mind, I'll mind", to the very top of my voice, but when he came out with the expression "Eight, Nine, Ten, and one to remember by", I couldn't help but see the point, and changed my tune to as loud a ~~at~~ of laughter as I ever uttered in all my born days.

It was customary in those days to take all the youngsters to Sunday School every Sabbath, and for each to learn one verse of the lesson a day through the entire week, and recite them of a Sunday to the teacher of the class. This I hated a good deal worse than work, for it was awfully difficult for me to commit to memory something that I didn't know a thing about. I remember that if while working in the garden or field, I complained of having a head ache or any other slight ailment, father would say, "All right, I don't want you to work when you are sick, you can go to the house and get your Sunday School lesson." Now it would surprise you to see what an antidote those few words were for the sick headache, and to watch me pitch into the work, remarking that I guessed it would soon wear off, and that I "felt a little better already."

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When I look back upon those days, when the Sabbath was made such a wonderful "day of rest," as it was, especially among the children who were forced to meeting in the morning, to the Sunday School after the preaching hour, and after dinner to sit around and be quiet when they needed exercise, I often wonder that children didn't rebel against that sort of religious training, that was dished up to them by the older folks. Of course it was then supposed to be absolutely necessary to their salvation or it wouldn't have been done, but luckily I have lived to see the time that a whole lot of those old time religious dogmas have been discarded and done away with. I believe that the world is not only getting wiser but better, and that while due restraint and due regard for the Sabbath day is absolutely essential for the cultivation of both mind and body, it is no longer expected that children shall be made old folks as they were then.

MORE OF MY EARLY HOME LIFE

During all of those years from 1845 to the time of my trip to Massachusetts in 1853, I helped my father on the farm at home, with the bare exception of two summers that I worked out to help pay debts the family owed, the last being in 1852 when I put in the greater part of the summer months for Clark Powers of West Potsdam. Father owed him for a horse he had bought "on tick", hence I did the act of squaring the debt at what was then considered to be good wages—Eight Dollars a month. Clark was a good friend of ours, therefore I felt myself very much at home there, for they really treated me as one of the family, a kindness that I never have forgotten to this day.

When I say I was helping my father on the farm, I don't wish to have it understood that all of our time

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was put in at home, for it was not. There was a great deal of land to be cleared belonging to others, and much of our time both summer and winter, was devoted to chopping down the big trees and clearing the land ready for the drag, for what we could make out of it.

Black salts brought three-fifty a hundred in those days, and it was about the only way to turn our labor into cash, to pile the big timber into log-heaps, burn them to ashes, leach the ashes and boil the lye down into salts, in great chaldron kettles, and if we were able to turn off a hundred pounds in a week we thought we were doing well. Hence Saturday afternoon we boys were off fishing in the Ferry brook for trout while father took the said "black salts" to Canton and brought back real cash, the sight of which was considered a novelty in those days. Think of it once: Three Dollars and Fifty cents of money for a weeks work of father and the team and us three boys. Now what do you know about that? Nor was that all for while

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the men and boys were all busily engaged in the field or the woods, do you know what was going on in the house? If not, I will give you just a small part of what my good mother and the girls were doing towards "keeping the wolf from the door."

We usually kept about twenty or thirty sheep about the place, and after shearing time in the spring was over, the wool had to be fitted for the carding machine, the rolls brought home, and from that time on until towards fall, the spinning wheels and the old fashioned loom were buzzing from morning 'til night, and from two to five days in the week. Then the cloth was taken to the carding machine again, there to be colored and pressed and prepared for the making of coats, pants and vests for the boys—seven or eight of us, including father, and those who were old enough to work out about the neighborhood; also woolen dresses for mother and the girls, three or four of them.

Now compare this mode of securing a livelihood if you please with our way of living at the present day,

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and then tell me what you think of the poor deluded mortals who complain of hard work and of hard times, with a piano in the home, a nice horse and buggy, or what is more likely, a Cadallac or a Ford Automobile to do their running about with; money in their pockets for ice cream and cigars and living like Kings and Princes as compared with those who have felled the forests, laboring night and day to make a home for you, and you, to enjoy in after years.

But we of "ye olden times" most surely have our rewards in knowing that our duty was well and faithfully done, and in the hope that when our work on earth is finished, the Grand Architect of the Universe may receive and accept our labors.

Now I would not have you think that even in this, the good people of that day had no enjoyment only in the reflection of time well spent to secure a temporary livelihood and prepare for those of other days, for that was in no wise the case. It is true that from a temporary point of view, labor in the field and at the loom

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was mighty hard and brought but little pay, but there was another side of life that never should be overlooked.

People of that day were very largely of a religious temperament, and I am almost prompted to say were a bit more so than at the present time. The Holy Bible was always the rule and the guide to their faith, so much so with a good many that this sacred volume, especially the New Testament was often used by pupils in our schools both as a reading and a spelling book, in place of the school readers and the spellers prepared for that purpose.

The old log school house was good enough for the country folk to worship in, ordinarily, but when the time for "quarterly meeting" came around, those not being large enough to accommodate the congregation, a good sized neighborhood barn was fixed up, seated with the common board seats and there the hundreds, and often the thousands listened for hours to the

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preaching of the “Word”, and sang their songs of praise to the Most High God.

In their evening gatherings about the neighborhood, the elder people would put in their time reviewing the Songs of Solomon, or the life of Christ, in place of discussing the topics of the day, the political situation or the light literature so common at the present time; and the last moments before parting were generally devoted to a few words of prayer to the Author and Builder of their Faith.

Their's was, indeed, in many respects a desperately hard life to live, but the sequel showed that they were building better than they knew. Their lives may well be likened unto the old man who was found building a bridge across a deep, wide chasm after he had crossed it with much difficulty, and was asked why he was building it after he had passed over the gulch himself. His answer was:

“Good friend, in the path that I have come,
There followeth after me today,

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A youth whose feet must pass this way,
This chasm, that has been as naught to me,
To that fair haired youth may a pit-fall be;
He too, must cross in the twilight dim—
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him."

But I must not leave this part of my story without a few words for the younger element of society whose customs it was to engage in innocent sports and pastime, knowing as I do that young people cannot be expected to be "old folks," therefore, the civil ball and evening parties were probably as common in those days as they are now, or ever since have been. The gay and festive dance was in no wise considered out of place even by the older ones, provided it was carried on with decorum as it usually was.

And now this brings me to my first venture toward the "far east", to the Old Bay State where I received my first impressions regarding what the world was actually made of, and what all the other fellows on earth were doing.

A SUMMER IN MASSACHUSETTS

My first trip from home to any considerable distance was in the spring of 1853, soon after the Ogdensburg and Rouse's Point Railroad was completed. I had labored hard ever since I was old enough to lift a hoe, a rake or a scythe, therefore I concluded that it was high time for me to see what people away from home were doing. I had only five or six dollars to the good when I boarded the freight at Norwood Station, destined for the "Hub", provided my money'd hold out, and as luck would have it I struck the right kind of a Railroad Conductor who delivered me at Rouse's Point free of charge, besides paying for a palatable repast we took together at the Moira lunch counter. He also gave me an introduction to the Vermont Central Conductor who delivered me to the next, and he to the next, and so on until on the second night out

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I brought up at the Cambridge Cattle Market where I met my older brother, Orin, and with money enough in my pocket to pay my hotel bill for the night and to do the town right on the morrow.

I will also note the fact that Old Man Porter who ran the hotel there, was very loath at first to give us any kind of a cot to rest our weary limbs upon for the night, but luckily we found old Uncle Jim Lane of West Potsdam there, and with his assistance we secured entertainment for the night. After the landlord had explained to Uncle Jim that the reason he denied us a night's lodging was that he thought we were a couple of "Boston Rowdies," and "he didn't want any of them around anyway."

Well, maybe we didn't look like a couple of "Boston Rowdies," but really we did feel like a couple of colts just broke out of the pasture, and from our actions and appearance we didn't blame the old fellow a bit for taking us as such.

The next morning we were told by the clerk at the

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office that our bills were paid by the cattle man who had come to our rescue the night before, hence we boarded the stage for Boston, six miles distant, the fare being but a York shilling each, and the entire day we spent tramping over the city, visiting the State House, Bunker Hill Monument, and last but not least, the college where the Dr. Webster and Dr. Parkman tragedy had taken place—an account of which we had both been reading just previous to our leaving home. Also we passed a half hour or so viewing the jail where Dr. Webster was supposed to have been hung, although many were of the opinion that he had escaped that ordeal; their argument being that his immediate family had soon afterwards removed to a foreign land, which led them to believe that "there was a good sized nigger in the wood-pile, somewhere."

We remained about Boston for a time, where we secured plenty of employment, then taking in the "General Training" down in Plymouth county, and witnessing Governor Banks' review of the State Militia

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the only accident of the day being the unhorseing of the Governor who it was said, was himself carrying a bigger load of the "Oh, Be Joyful", than any of his staff. This ended our stay in the old Bay State, so we returned by the same route we went, arriving in Canton just in time to take in the fair, and witness the biggest horse race Canton ever saw, when the old Frenchman from Canada, with his old rawbone, beat Tich Warner and the other Canton sports out of all the money they had by putting in another horse on the second heat, playing drunk himself and distancing the entire group of thoroughbreds on the third and fourth heats.

The next few pages of this book will be devoted to Reminiscences of several matters of local history of St. Lawrence county that was no doubt overlooked by other writers, but are of much importance in the matter of connecting the early history of that grand old county with the present time. These things are not a matter of heresay, by any means, but are true to life, and are properly an essential part of these Memoirs.

“ELDER CHILDS AND BROTHER JOHNNY”

It was along about this time that our section of the country was infested by a couple of Mormon Elders coming into our neighborhood in the early part of the winter, and trusting to the credulity of the good people of the place, and anxious to obtain a winter's support, began preaching a brand new doctrine, and a new, so-called “religious faith.”

They reported themselves from (I know not where it might have been, from Babylon for ought I know). They said they were commissioned from “On High”, and had been ordered there by Joseph Smith himself, and were sent to preach the “new gospel” to all people, from Nauvoo, Ill., even unto the uttermost parts of the earth.

They also claimed that the said Joseph Smith had received a vision of this new religious faith, and that

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from that vision and other revelations, he had produced the Book of Mormon, and had founded the new church they had the honor to represent.

In their meetings they would talk at times in what they termed "the unknown tongue," which was sure enough an unknown tongue, for no one on earth could understand a single word they said, and I doubt very much if they knew what they said themselves.

Well they succeeded at length in getting quite a few converts to their faith, but as soon as they brought to light their Polygamous doctrine and practices, their converts dwindled down to two or three, and in the early springtime all parties concerned took their departure for Nauvoo. And it was learned afterwards that those who went with them deserted their so called "Church of God" and departed for parts unknown.

Thus ended the first Mormon raid into Old St. Lawrence county, and so far as I know it was the last one of any considerable note.

Now I am not one of those religious enthusiasts

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who think my church is the only one that ought to be tolerated, but I do draw the line at anything of a Polygamous cast, by whatever name it may be called. To my notion every person of ordinary intellect is entitled to his own political and religious opinions, but that system of faith (if you please to call it a faith) only practiced in the Dark Ages, certainly has no place at this day and age of the world.

However, I will say that the New Mormon Church, or more properly speaking "Latter Day Saints", has no connection with the old time Mormon faith, and that as near as I can learn is now reckoned among the many Christian Denominations of today. In fact I am fully advised by one of their Elders, a relative of mine by marriage, that such is actually the case.

THE JOHN BROWN'S TRACT

The old settlers of St. Lawrence county—and there are many of them left—will remember very well how wild and wooley the territory known as the “John Brown Tract” was in those early days. To use a more common expression among the people at that time, we might perhaps better call it the “South Woods” for it extended way along over beyond Tupper Lake and was a dense wilderness known to hunters and trappers only.

The little town of “Matildaville,” now called Colton was clear out upon the outskirts of civilization proper, and the “Three Falls” or South Colton, as it is now, was a point so far out that few dared venture with any hope of meeting a white man, except it be a hunter with pack on back and going to or returning from that “far off hunting ground” about the “Bog”, or possibly as far up as what was commonly known as the “Wind Fall.”

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This was a section of the country that had been visited with what was afterwards very familiarly known as a "Kansas Cyclone," where for nearly a hundred miles a swath had been cut through the timber leveling everything to the ground, the path of the storm being something like a quarter of a mile wide.

The tract of country I have spoken of was as we before said commonly known as "John Brown's Tract" and was owned by a New York City capitalist by that name.

This man Brown had never seen a foot of that ground, but being desirous of knowing what kind of country it was up there he sent an agent out from New York with instructions to look the ground over and to report to him exactly what he thought of the purchase he had made.

The agent took with him Uncle Alvah Leonard and True Crary, two of the best hunters the country afforded, who had familiarized themselves with the lay of the land during years of experience after game, and

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after traveling over mountain and hill for two or three weeks they returned to Colton or Matildaville, as it was then called, where Bill Starks was keeping tavern and the agent made out and submitted the following report:

“Mr. Brown, New York City:—I have spent the last three weeks looking over your tract of land. You ordered me to give you as perfect an account as I could and to describe the country as minutely as possible. Feeling a little poetical this morning, I will give my report in verse:

“It is hemlock and spruce,
“Up hill and down,
“H—l and D—nation,
“Old John Brown!”

It is needless to tell anybody who ever travelled over that section of the country that the agent’s description was true to a fault.

But returning to the “Three Falls,” now the beau-

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tiful little village of South Colton, where the tourist now stops to take on his last supply of eatables for camp life, and possibly the last cool refreshing draught of ale that he expects to find, let me mention a thing or two in regard to the early history of that place.

Way along up from 1842 to '45, the Indians held sway about that particular locality, but about that time a brother of mine, Nathan Crary 2nd, who was afterwards a lawyer at Potsdam and died there during the last years of the war conceived the idea of utilizing the immense water power at that point and accordingly built a sawmill and started a town, which for many years contained but one log house in which he himself lived. "Old Captain Peet" was at the head of the Indian tribe about there at that time and together with the squaws that made baskets and moccasins to sell, he would sometimes venture as far down as "Matildaville" to sell their wares. He had learned to talk a little English, and it was often remarked that "Cap'n Peet" always had a good word to say of everybody on hearing of his death.

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There was one character about "Matildaville" who went by the name of "Clucking Charley" and who was never any good to himself or any body else. Finally "Charley" sickened and died, and the settlers were all wondering what "Old Cap'n Peet" would say when he heard of his death. The great question was, what could he say of so mean and worthless a character as he? By and by "Peet" came to town and the boys all gathered around to hear what he had to say when he heard of "Charley's" death.

The old Indian was completely nonplused when the news was finally told him. All waited in breathless anxiety to hear the old Indian speak. Finally he said in the worst kind of broken English, "Waal, Sharley he was a goot schmoker." It was the only good thing anybody on earth could say about him.

The "South Woods" in those days were filled full of hunters and trappers, during the entire winter months, for no protection was then thrown around the game as there is now. It was no uncommon thing for a

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hunter to bring out, along towards spring, one hundred to one hundred and fifty "saddles" of venison, besides forty or fifty pounds of spruce gum to give around to his friends. Sometimes during the winter, when the snow was uncommonly deep and the thermometer ranging from thirty-five to forty degrees below zero, it was a dangerous place to be in, and many hunters who got short of rations found themselves in a very sad predicament to say the least.

One of the very sad instances of the kind was that of the three Prior boys, brothers of Mrs. Abner Crossman, who lived out on the "turnpike" near Pierpont hill. These three young men were in camp sometime during the winter of 1845 or '6, according to the best of my recollection at this time, when there came on one of the worst storms known for many years.

It seems that their provisions had become almost exhausted and while the storm was still raging, they started out for the settlement, but all perished in the storm before reaching any human habitation. Their

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bodies were afterwards found at different points along the trail, showing that one had fallen out at a time and had frozen to death among those hills that are today inhabited by well-to-do farmers, with fine houses and barns, surrounded with all the blessings and comforts of life.

There were other dangers to which many a hunter was sometimes subject, as was shown by the predicament my oldest brother, Truman Crary, found himself in one summer during the early 50's and which came very near costing him his life.

It was a common thing in those days for hunters to use these large bear traps, and they generally set them in the path where it was ascertained that these animals mostly kept. Some one had set one of these large, double spring bear traps way up in the vicinity of Long Pond and had omitted to leave any sign showing where the trap was set and warning hunters of the danger in front of them.

While traveling along through the woods, all alone

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and with both eyes out looking for game, and without a thought of the dangers ahead, he stepped one foot on a bed of leaves and found himself in the iron grasp of the most powerful bear trap he had ever seen. A hatchet was the only implement he had, and that he always carried along. With this he cut some staddles, fixed them in shape to constitute a lever, and after working for seven long and weary hours he succeeded in prying the jaws open and in freeing himself from the jaws of death, which at first seemed to be staring him in the face.

If the famous "John Brown's Tract" could speak it would be able to tell many a tale of hair breadth escapes which others, no doubt, may be more conversant with than myself. Several years ago in company with my wife and some of my St. Lawrence county friends I had the pleasure of making a trip clear through what was in those days a dense forest, from South Colton, by way of the Bog, to Tupper Lake, and again visiting some of the noted points along that line.

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But what a change. All that country is now filled with pleasant pleasure resorts, and the mountains and valleys are the only landmarks left to remind one of the early history of the famous "John Brown's Tract."

BILL PRATT'S BILLY GOAT

It was in the early '50's, the fall that I worked for Mr. Theodore Caldwell, that Canton, as well as the country round about received even a worse shock than that of two years before when the man Erwin attempted the murder of the Angel boy of Lawrence on the John Wellington bridge at the dead hour of night. That incident was still fresh in the minds of the West Potsdam and Canton folks and any unlawful act was liable to stir up the community to fever heat and to cause a tremor in the hearts of everyone.

For some time past the little hamlet commonly known as Slab City was infested with the most exalted bevy of all around jesters of any locality in the known world. There was Jule Salls, Bill Pratt, Alf White, Roll Crary, Myron Taft and possibly half a dozen others whose sole object in life seemed to be to work some

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kind of a practical joke on each other, or what was worse still, on the community at large. In fact they were so skilled in the art that they could "deceive the very elect", and what their fertile brains couldn't conjure up wasn't worth while for any human being to undertake.

Bill Pratt, the keeper of the Slab City Inn, had a fine large billy goat that he had brought down from the Adirondack districts to run with his sheep as a protection against disease, and incidentally to amuse the children about town, but the "baste" had become so cross that it was dangerous for any one to get in its way lest the "anamile" should get the best of him.

Well, to Jule Salls and two or three of his other "cronies" this afforded a rare opportunity to get even with Sheriff Barber who had been instrumental in having a couple of their number arrested and fined a few weeks before for cutting up pranks about Joe Riche's melon patch and carrying away a few boxes of his honey, so they decided that as Pratt had gone to

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Russell on a two days business trip the old he goat should be gotten away with and the little berg be "void of his presence from now on," and by common consent Jule was chosen to manage the affair.

This he promised to do, and the next morning the word was sent broadcast that Jule Salls had been engaged in an altercation with Bill Pratt the night before that he had murdered him in cold blood, and after hiding the body or what was more likely after throwing it into the mill pond, and after confessing the same to his wife and hired man, had departed on horseback to parts unknown.

The news reached Canton about noon that day, and in less than an hour Sheriff Barber and a posse of thirty sworn-in deputies were mounted on horseback and on their way to Slab City as fast as their steeds would carry them. On reaching the bridge at the outskirts of the town they were halted and given the information that the murderer had been sighted in the edge of Frank Bentley's corn field an hour before and

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the entire cavalcade was at once ordered in that direction.

But before reaching the edge of the field the supposed criminal came out of his own accord, surrendered to the sheriff and offered to conduct them to the spot where the body lay, upon the Sheriff's assurance that he should have his protection from the hands of the mob which had already assembled at the bridge to see that "justice should be swift and strong whenever the criminal was caught."

This assurance by the limb of the law was at once given and at the head of half a hundred men, women and boys Jule led the way to an old well in the Bill Pratt pasture down behind the barn and a rope and ladder were soon obtained and down the criminal went, wrapped the rope about the body and gave the agreed cry of "hoist away" and up came the bruised and mangled remains, not of Bill Pratt the tavern keeper, but of Bill Pratt's old billy goat, the terror of the neighborhood for the past half year.

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At this juncture Pratt himself, was sighted in the distance and imagine his surprise in finding the procession marching into the bar-room with Col. Barber, the sheriff, at its head. Of course the worth of the old billy goat was nothing to him, compared to the sport he got out of knowing that the Canton "fellers" had been duped and that the Slab City crowd was just that much ahead. Of course, as might be expected, the Sheriff and his posse waited around until dark, not daring to return to the County Seat "until the whippoor-will had sounded his last note, and the katydids had tired out their throats" as the leader of the gang was known to have expressed himself.

A TRAGEDY AT MASENA

In the year 1857, more than half a century ago, there resided down on the banks of the beautiful river St. Lawrence, in the town of Masena, a family whose name, for the purpose of this sketch it is not necessary for me to mention. This quiet and unpretentious household was composed of a father, mother, two sisters and two brothers, young men and women grown, and their home was a veritable Garden of Eden for all who were pleased to make their acquaintance.

All the blessings and comforts of life surrounded this little group. Fortune, up to the days of which I write, had dealt out to them with a lavish hand, and their contentment and happiness was all that heart could wish or that tongue could ask for.

It seemed to them that the bounties of Divine Providence had been showered upon them in great pro-

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fusion, and that "All the trees of the Garden" had been given unto them to eat therefrom. Their cup of joy was more than full.

But in an hour that they knew not, the serpent entered this Garden of Eden, not crawling on the ground like the serpent of old, but in the shape of a young man, "more subtile than any of the beasts of the field, which the Lord God had made," but professing love for the fairest of that household—the eldest daughter—and bent every energy to the securing of her confidence; and with a promise of marriage finally succeeded in accomplishing his work.

But from this time on, a radical change in his demeanor towards this young lady became apparent to herself as well as to the rest of the household, and within a very few weeks it was known to all that his affection had been radically changed and that it was the other daughter, then, upon whom all his "kind affections" were bent.

At length, greater grief to that most humble

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household came. The elder daughter had sickened and died, but not until this young man had, by most humble entreaties and urgent prayers, induced her to make one last, dying request to the younger sister, that so soon as she was dead, this second "object of his affections" should become his wife.

Medical attendance was not so close at hand in those days as now, and 'ere the physician could be obtained, the angel of death was hovering around, the gentle spirit had quit its tenement of clay, and the arrangements for the burial had been commenced.

Up to the hour that the funeral services were taking place, and when the remains were being lowered to their last resting place, no suspicion of that foul deed was cast upon this young lover; but his actions at that moment betrayed a secret which afterwards resulted in placing him just where he belonged.

Only for an over anxiety on his part to cover up a crime by overburdened professions of sorrow and grief, he might possibly have escaped; but those were so

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much overdone that suspicion of foul play was riveted upon him, and before another day was passed he was in the clutches of the law and safely landed behind the bars in the Canton jail.

His trial soon followed and by the efforts of District Attorney Tom Russell, who in summing up the case before the jury at Canton, made the supreme effort of his life, this young man, whose name I do not care to speak, was adjudged guilty of murder in the first degree, by poisoning, and sentenced to death at the hands of the law. His guilt was established so firmly that no motion for a new trial was made, and before the day for the execution had arrived he sickened and died, and that hateful, domestic tragedy was at an end.

TESTING GREELY'S ADVICE

It was along about this time that Horace Greely, who had no doubt learned something of that famous Proclamation issued by King Cyrus of Persia when he released the Hebrew Children from bondage, came out with the advice, "Go west, young man, and grow up with the country." I had been reading his New York Tribune for many years and had made up my mind that if anybody on earth knew, Horace did; so in the spring of 1855 I packed my trunk and struck out for the west, landing in due time at Fond-du-lac, Wisconsin, where my sister, Mrs. Salmon Hemenway, mother of Mr. M. C. Hemenway, now Editor of The Hope Dispatch, then lived.

During those long summer days, I labored on the farm, haying, harvesting, etc., but finding that a little bit too irksome a job, I joined a theatrical combination

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that was doing the season at Fond-du-lac; and if I do say it myself, I soon became quite an adept in the art, so much so at least as to be able to carry a leading part in half a dozen of the best plays going, such as Don-Caezar-De-Bazan, The Golden Farmer, Toodles, and the like, song-singing between acts and making myself generally useful in about everything that came up.

But tiring of this, I finally, along in January, joined a lumbering gang and tried my hand at cutting down the large pine trees way up on Wolf river, hauling them to the banks and dumping them in the river; and right there was where I missed my calling.

The snow was from three to five feet deep, and I soon got powerfully sick of wading around in it, so they gave me the job of hauling great, big logs to the river bank and dumping them off, when down they would go two hundred feet or more.

I enjoyed that kind of a life the very best, but the thing that worried me most was being all the time in close proximity to a tribe of Indians that was always

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on the alert, watching every thing that was going on about camp; and wherever one went, half a dozen or more of those dirty Red Skins were to be seen watching every movement the "pale faces" could make.

I had just been reading of the massacre of the Oatman Family by a roving band of Apache Indians while on their way to California in wagons way out in the New Mexico or Arizona country, how they had murdered all but two little girls—Mary Ann and Olive and had carried them into their own country—a captivity that was worse than death itself. The papers were all full of accounts of that atrocious deed, hence it was only natural for each and every one of us to be on the lookout both day and night fearing the treachery of every Red Skin we came across.

Well, one Sunday, half a dozen of us lumbermen went up to Shawano, the only town in that part of the woods, and while there we noticed half a dozen of the Menominec tribe that we had seen hanging around our camp before and what was more they had offered to

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treat us out of a jug from which they had been imbibing pretty regularly themselves.

We left the place well along toward night and supposing we were rid of those drunken scalawags entirely we ate our supper and turned into our bunks as usual for a good night's rest, when lo and behold we heard a terrible noise outside, and opening the cabin door, in burst the boss of the camp yelling at the top of his voice: "Indians, Indians, Indians, are upon us every man for himself, see 'em coming.

Of course we were all scared about to death, so much so that we couldn't have used guns if we'd had 'em; but as the matter turned out we didn't need any guns, for we soon discovered that the old boss himself was carrying so large a load of the Indian's whiskey that it was no wonder he thought the entire Menominee tribe was after him.

However, knowing as I did that the boss was lots more to blame than the Red-Skins were, I couldn't sleep a wink that night, and the more I thought it over the

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more satisfied I became that I had missed my calling again; so next morning I called for my time, accepted a check on an Oshkosh bank for forty dollars—the price of two months wages, struck out down the river on foot, and the third day out brought up at Fond-du-lac, there enjoying the first safe moment I had seen since my introduction to the Pine Woods of Northern Wisconsin.

Remaining with my people there for a time, I concluded that I had learned about enough of Greely's plan about "growing up with the country" to last me for a while, so bidding my friends "good bye" for the present, I took the train for the east and in due time brought up in the little town of Farmer, Defiance county, Ohio, where I found a goodly number of relatives I had never met before.

Among these was a young cousin of mine, Ervin Chapman by name, a bright young fellow whom I have never seen since although I have just lately found out where he is. That boy is now the man and I am glad

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to say is a Methodist Divine, and is at the head of the State Temperance Organization of California with headquarters at Los Angeles where his home is, and has been for many years. Also I found there in Ohio several of my Uncle Ezra Crary's children and grandchildren—some of the latter of whom I am in communication with at this time. These are my cousin Nathaniel Crary's children, one or two in South Dakota, and the same number in Ohio.

After a couple of months in Ohio, working a part of the time and visiting the rest, I continued my journey eastward, arriving in old St. Lawrence county just one year to a day from the time I left.

I then concluded that it was time to settle down and be steady, therefore on the 20th. day of November—which was my 22nd birthday anniversary—I was married to Miss Caroline Myers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Myers—Rev. I. N. Hobart, Pastor of the First Baptist church of Potsdam the officiating clergyman. However, our married life was of short duration,

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for while I was serving my country as a United States soldier, and on the 3rd day of June, 1863, my wife's spirit passed into the Great Beyond at the home of her parents in Potsdam, interment being made in the Bayside Cemetery at that place.

The greater portion of the time from this date up to my enlistment as a Soldier Boy in 1862 was spent in teaching school, with the bare exception of the two years that I was employed in the George B. Swan, Sash Door and Blind Factory at Potsdam, and in reading law in my Brother Nathan's Law Office at the same place. And in the matter of Events this brings me up to the commencement of my three years service in the Civil War.

The War had been going on a little more than a year and a half already, and although there were well on towards a million and a half of soldiers in the field, I decided to lay aside both business and pleasure for a while, and to take my chances with the rest, trusting to the Fortunes of War, and to a firm reliance in the Great I. AM. to bring me through.

MY FIRST REAL TASTE OF WAR

It was on the sixth day of August, 1862, that my enlistment as a real soldier dated. President Lincoln, two days previous to that date had issued another call for 300,000 volunteers for three years or during the war, and Illinois' quota was set at 52,000 but in less than thirty days, 58,000 were armed and equipped as the law directs and ready for duty.

Our Company, (first known as the Morrison Guards) went into camp at Dixon, Lee County, August 15, 1862. Other Companies soon swelled the number and within a week ten Companies, numbering 1,000 men were drilling from six to ten hours a day and preparing for active duties in the field. And on the second day of September, a regular United States mustering officer was on the ground and mustered us into service as the 75th Illinois Infantry, and when

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the moment came for us to be sworn in, the words "for three years or during the war" fell pretty heavily upon our ears. But then, we were in it for keeps, hence we took our little medicine as brave boys always do. Whether that meant for life or not we did not stop to argue, but it surely did, for more than one-half of those who that day stood in line never came home again.

Dr. George Ryon was named as Colonel of the regiment, John E. Bennett as Lt. Colonel, and William M. Kilgore as Major; and the drilling in squads, platoons, companies and battalions was there kept up until the order "to the front" was received.

During this time the Confederates under General Braxton Bragg had pressed Buell's army back all the way from Nashville, Tennessee to Louisville, Kentucky, and all the western troops possible were rushed to the front, the 75th with the rest, for on the 27th of September, the regiment passed through Chicago with drums beating and flags flying, and two days later reported at Louisville for duty.

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That was the very day that the altercation between General Nelson and General Jeff C. Davis took place in the Gault House at Louisville; General Nelson being shot dead for an insult given to Davis, an inferior officer in rank, but one of the bravest in the army. General Davis was placed under guard at once, held something like two weeks, released, and ordered to report at the front for duty, which he did.

During the next two days at Louisville, Buell's army was thoroughly reorganized, the new regiments mixed in with the old who had seen much service in the field already, and on October 2nd, the orders to advance was hailed with joy. Seeing that Buell's army had been very largely increased, Bragg had given up the idea of capturing Louisville, and was retiring southward, our cavalry reporting the main portion of his force at or near Bardstown, thirty miles distant.

Our first days march out of Louisville, was a day long to be remembered, I assure you. The regiment was made up of boys from the farm; boys who had

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been brought up in town with few hardships, many of them ready to graduate from the high-school; doctors, lawyers, barbers, clerks from the stores and quite a goodly number of old men whose only plea for enlisting was that they desired to accompany their sons and care for them in case of sickness, or to bind up their bleeding wounds in case worse came to worse on the field of battle. And all these mixed in with probably a dozen or so who had some little experience in military affairs during the early part of the war. When we left camp at Dixon, Illinois, on roll call, one thousand of such answered to their names and barring half a hundred or so who had been detained as teamsters, or for service in the hospital corps started on the march, little realizing just what a soldier's life meant.

It was a fearful hot day—the Second of October—and the dust so thick that it almost smothered a man, perspiration standing in great drops on his face, only to be mopped off with a 'kerchief, or if he wasn't lucky

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enough to have one, with his dust covered blue coat sleeves. It was march, march, march, fifty minutes by the watch, then, with a ten minute's rest in order to take breath and reflect upon soldier life, as we found it. Then to think that a term of "three years, or during the war" was before us.

As we encountered some of the older regiments on the march that day, a good many of them, in fact most of them in uniforms they had worn for months, while we new recruits had just been issued navy-blue, with hats and caps having the letter of the Company in front, we were often accosted by "Hello Boys, How do you like it anyway? Oh, never mind, you'll get used to it after a year or so. Keep a stiff upper lip and you'll come out all right. Glad to have you join us," and the like. Of course we all recognized the fact that they had a right to make merry while they could, hence about all we could say back was: "All right boys, we're new at the business, but give us a chance and we'll show you we ain't quite as green as we look."

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That night we went into camp a little after dark, on ground that had been plowed early in the fall but had grown up to weeds a foot high or so; no chance to make a fire to cook a drop of coffee; probably half a canteen of water apiece, and a sorry looking sight we were, too. Well, all we could do was to make the best of it. That was to make a supper out of hard-tack mixed in with a slice or two of raw bacon, after which to lie down to "Peace and Pleasant dreams."

The march southward was continued day after day, each day bringing us closer and closer to the enemy; passing through Bardstown, Kentucky, where the engagement was expected to take place, but finding that Bragg had still moved southward, in hopes to find a more advantageous ground, where water was more plenteous, the march was continued until the afternoon of the 7th of October when much to our satisfaction the two armies stood face to face along a range of low, wooded hills, familiarly known as Chaplin Hills, about two miles north of Perryville; each looking

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anxiously forward to what was to be expected of them the following morning.

The night was a beautiful moon-light night. Softly Luna shone on hill and valley, on forest and on the field. The scene was grandly sublime, and all through that October night, it was as still as death, excepting now and then a shot or a shell came whizzing in the air as a monitor, heralding the coming of a bloody tomorrow near at hand.

It was scarcely day break on the 8th—for the beautiful night still slumbered upon the hills—when Bragg threw two of his divisions against McCook's Corps, and up to the middle of the day fighting was general all along McCook's line. There was plenty of soldiers standing in readiness to help McCook, but with that jealousy often existing among military commanders, Buell stood patiently by and allowed his men to be slaughtered under the pretext that "McCook had brought the battle on, now let him fight it out."

The 30th brigade to which our regiment belonged,

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had been standing in readiness all day until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, expecting every moment to get the orders to advance. And those orders finally came, for at 3:30 p. m., an orderly was seen riding our way at the top of his speed, and Col. Bennett of the 75th, who was ranking officer of the Brigade at that moment, was told that there was a break in the battle line at the front, and the 30th brigade was to occupy that space at once.

Col. Bennett immediately rode his horse to the front, and drawing his sword, gave the command: "Attention, Battalion! Prepare to Load!—Load!" Of course we all knew what this meant, although the old 75th had never heard the order before. The next order from the Colonel immediately came: "Shoulder Arms! Right Shoulder! Shift Arms! Forward, Double quick, March!" And in less than thirty minutes by the watch the gap in the line was filled by the entire Brigade, and the order: "Commence Firing!" was responded to all along the line.

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In the front of the 75th, the 15th Alabama Infantry rained their leaden hail upon us, and a battery of six guns was pouring grape and canister into our ranks from a rise of ground close by. However, this was soon silenced by the 5th Wisconsin Battery on another elevation immediately in our rear, and during the next three hours and until night-fall the work of destruction was kept up on both sides. When the 75th mustered for roll-call next morning, there were 225 missing—43 lying dead on the field, and 182 absent and not accounted for. These of course were among the wounded who were not able to report for duty next day.

The loss to the Union forces that day was 3,944 in killed, wounded and prisoners; and to our regiment was 214 as follows: 43 killed in action, 154 wounded, and a dozen or more taken prisoners. By the way, we had a good natured Dutchman in our company who always afterwards had this for a by-word: "Well, I tell you, boys, dot war was beesness", and sure it was,

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for what we failed to learn about war that day we surely learned afterwards.

The rebel loss during the engagement was given by Bragg in his official report, 4320 in killed, wounded and missing. No doubt many of the missing were deserters who being near their Kentucky homes had taken "French Leave," having already got all the war they thought they were entitled to.

The second day afterwards, a detail of twenty men (including myself) was sent to the battle-field to bury the dead belonging to the 75th, and to report for duty as expeditiously as possible.

When we had located the ground on which our regiment stood for three long hours before darkness closed in and tenderly relieved us of our unpleasant task, we went about it; first gathering our own dead in groups, then with spade and pick in hand we proceeded to dig four trenches about two feet deep and sufficiently long to receive the forty three good Illinois boys with whom we had marched side by side through

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sunshine and rain since our departure from Louisville, and with whom we had associated for the past two months or more many of them for the past two years, and some during all our lives. Then wrapping each in his soldier blanket as best we could, we crowded them in side by side, and after taking a last fond look at each pale face, with our spades covered them over—not with “beautiful flowers,” as the poet would say, but with Mother Earth which fair nature supplies for our every want and at the same time calling to mind a few lines of poetry that always seems proper on occasions of the kind:

“How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep,
One pale as yonder waning moon
With lips of lurid blue;
The other rosy as the morn,
When throned on ocean’s wave
It blushes o’er the deep,
Yet both so Passing Wonderful.”

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I found a piece of a cracker box close by and printed thereon with my lead pencil—"Nathan Myers, Company C, 75th, Illinois Infantry," placed it at his head as best I could, afterwards writing to his brother Reuben Myers at Morrison, Ill., who soon hunted it out among the rest, removed it home and buried it in due form. Permit me to say that the said Nathan Myers was a cousin of mine and I was very anxious to have his remains taken home for final interment.

Well, without tarrying even for a day to bury their own dead, Bragg's army retired to Murfresboro, Tenn., and Buell's forces proceeded to Nashville. But before reaching Nashville, General Rosecrans succeeded to the command and while resting at Nashville the army was again reorganized and the plans laid for the next campaign which came on during the approaching holidays.

THE MURFREESBORO CAMPAIGN

The Stone River, otherwise known as the Murfreesboro campaign was of short duration, but entirely satisfactory to the Union cause. General Rosecrans had reorganized the entire command which was ever afterwards known and designated as the "Army of the Cumberland." It was organized into three Army Corps, the right wing under the command of General Alex. McDowell McCook, the left under Gen. Crittenden and the center under "Old Pap Thomas," afterwards known as the "Rock of Chickamauga". The 75th Illinois regiment was assigned to the 1st Division of McCook's Corps, the division being commanded by Gen. Jeff C. Davis, and the Brigade by Col.—afterwards Gen. P. Sidney Post of the 59th Illinois, which was also assigned to our Brigade.

The movements upon the enemy which was en-

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camped about Murfreesboro, 30 miles distant, began on the 26th day of December 1862, the announcement being made Christmas night.

Bragg did not expect Rosecrans to make a winter campaign, therefore seemed not to be ready for him when he came; but for all that, he put up a good fight for three days from the morning of the 31st, when the two armies faced each other. There had been a little skirmishing along the line the evening previous, and knowing that he had to take desperate chances, General Bragg had, during the night, massed his entire rebel force on McCook's Corps. And before daylight on the morning of the 31st, "Pandemonium" broke loose—the rebs coming on in ranks abreast and eight to ten columns deep, hurling such a blow against each of McCook's three Divisions as to press us back in disorder for a full half mile or more.

Rosecrans, during this retreat, had gathered most of his artillery together and posted them on an eminence where they had full view of the entire rebel

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line, and then another “pandemonium” broke loose, for shot and shell from fifty guns halted Bragg’s army where they stood, and their retreat threw his rank and file in such confusion that they fell back in half the time they came, for more than a mile before they came to a halt.

By this time “Rosy” had reorganized his ranks, and for hours the fighting was general all along the line, but night coming on both armies bivouaced for the night, glad to get a little much needed rest. Again the battle was renewed on the afternoon of January 1st; this time only by Hardee’s Division against Rosecran’s left wing, when the most continuous musket firing I ever heard was going on from 3 o’clock until night-fall.

Bragg in his official report admitted a loss of more than ten thousand in killed and wounded, but that did not include two thousand eight hundred wounded, which he left on our hands.

The rebellion had received a terrible blow, but at a

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fearful loss in life and limb to the Union cause. Again the nation rejoiced and mourned.

Our army at once occupied Murfreesboro, throwing around it a cordon of camps, the position of our regiment—the 75th Ill.—being two miles south of town on the Shelbyville pike.

The balance of the winter was a desperately cold, rainy one and much sickness and many deaths in camp and hospital was the result. But when spring came the soldiers were all in good glee again and anxious for the summer campaign which we knew was bound to follow, and that, too, as soon as reorganization could be effected.

Our regiment was always glad to do outpost duty, for out in the country south of there garden truck was plenty and the foraging was always good. I remember of an old planter who was too decrepit to do duty in the rebel ranks, complaining to Col. Bennett one morning that the boys who were guarding his home were making too free with the milk in the milk-house, and the

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vegetables in the garden. Col. Bennett was sitting upon his horse—being officer of the day on that occasion—all ready to make his regular rounds on the picket lines. After the old fellow had told his story and made his complaints, Bennett called the men about him and said: “Men this man says you are making too free with things about his plantation. I didn’t think that of you. Now I want to say to you all, that hereafter you are not to take anything you don’t want. If you do, I’ll put every one of you in the guard house.” A good “Hurrah for Col. Bennett,” ended the matter right then and there.

The Vallandigham Case in Ohio came up that spring, and he was tried and convicted of uttering opinion disloyal to the government, and to the Union cause. He bitterly opposed the war policy of the President, and became famous for being a noted sympathizer of the Confederacy so much so that the Supreme Court (upholding the decision of the commission that tried him for disloyalty) ordered that he

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be put through our lines, which was accordingly done while our regiment was on duty six miles south of Murfreesboro.

General Garfield, who was at the time Rosecran's Chief of Staff, came out to our Head-quarters the night before, preparatory to putting him, the said Vallandigham, through the lines the following morning. Of course we were all anxious to see the old traitor himself, consequently we were all out and ready for action when the dawn of day arrived. Very soon a squad of Cavalrymen was on the ground in command of an officer of appropriate rank, and in their midst was a buggy with a span of horses attached, and halting in front of Gen. Garfield's tent, down from the carriage stepped a good looking man, apparently about forty years of age, wearing citizens clothes and a very light colored hat. He was apparently as supple as a cat, and showing no signs of fear called for the commanding officer.

Gen. Garfield was at once notified, and as he step-

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ped out of his tent in his night clothes, the two men met and shook hands, when the following colloquy took place, Vallandigham remarking as he pointed his finger towards where the sun was just shining over a spur in the mountains: "Night's candles have burned out, and Jocund Day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top." Garfield simply smiled, and always ready for a retort of any kind, followed this up by saying: "Thou canst not say I did it, shake not thy gory locks at me."

As soon as a slight repast was served—all parties sitting on the ground—the orders were duly read and the act of putting the rebel sympathizer through the lines among his friends was begun. At first the officer of the day on the other side refused to take the Ohio man into his care but after parleying back and forth the greater portion of the day he was turned over to the proper rebel officer, and the first act of putting a politician through the lines for disloyalty during the war was accomplished.

But the confederacy had no use for a man who

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claimed to be their friend but was too cowardly to turn in and help them, hence by order of President Davis himself, Vallandigham was sent to Charleston, there placed upon a blockade-runner and sent way around to Quebec, and in due time found his way back to Ohio again. He was nominated by his party for Governor of Ohio that same fall but was defeated by Governor Brough by a majority of 100,000 or more.

MICKEY'S BLASTED OLD COW.

We had a little Irishman along with us by the name of Mike Burns, whom the boys always called Mickey. He was a real little home body before going into the service, a fellow everybody liked, always ready to crack a joke but not so easy to take one himself, consequently the boys were apt to impose upon him, for after getting in the army so far away from Biddy and the baby, he took things more seriously, always asking the boys if they had heard from home lately and whether the home folks said anything about Biddy and the kid. He couldn't write a lick in the world, but always got some of the comrades to write for him.

While in camp at Murfreesboro that spring, Mickey asked for a furlough—for he was as homesick as a dog—and had a fellow write to his wife telling her to send him some money for his expenses home.

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Well, when the letter came from his wife, the comrade who read it to him made it to read in answer to his appeal for money, that she had a hard time to get along with only her hands and the one cow Mickey had left, and she wouldn't sell that cow for anybody. This nearly broke Mickey's heart, but it finally turned out that before the furlough came, the regiment was called to Franklin to help to repel a rebel cavalry raid, and in the skirmish that ensued Mickey himself received a slight wound, on account of which he was sent to the field hospital near by.

One day soon afterwards a couple of the boys went over to see how Mickey got along, and of course he asked whether they had heard anything from his furlough yet. They told him in a kind of a sympathetic tone, the chances were that he wouldn't live to go home anyway, and asked him what they should say to his wife in case he should die.

Right then and there poor Mickey's love of home as well as of country failed him, and says he: "Boys

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you can write to her or not, just as you darn please, but if you do, jist tell her that I died to save that blasted old cow of her's."

Well Mickey finally got well again, but the boys never forgot to joke him about that "blasted old cow" of his, whenever they got him in a crowd. Mickey accompanied the regiment in all of its rounds afterwards, and was finally discharged at Chicago with the rest.

CAPTURED BY MORGAN'S MEN

It was in the latter part of January 1863 while we were in camp at Murfreesboro that the sutler of our regiment, an old chap whom the boys were always playing jokes upon, had disposed of his entire stock, got his accounts all into greenbacks, and asked the Colonel for an escort to Nashville where he wanted to lay in another big stock of sutler goods such as canned fruit, tobacco, crackers and cheese, sauer kraut and the like—all of which he would ask four or five prices for and even then he made the limit to his crediting capacity to each soldier of three dollars a month. Now you can draw your own conclusions as to the probable amount of love we all had for the old fellow who hadn't a bit of fighting to do, but was ever ready to make the dollars off the boys who always had to "bear the burden and heat of the day."

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Well, the Colonel who had little use for the old man himself, ordered him an escort consisting of one man, and that was myself. It was a blessed cold Sunday that we started out for Nashville with his two horses hitched to his sutler's wagon, and about night-fall that we reached LaVergne the half way place. There was only about a dozen houses in town and they were occupied by Secesh as we well knew, so the best we could do was to go into camp in an old negro hut with a big fireplace, spread our blankets down on the floor and do the best we could by turning in for the night.

Before going to sleep the old sutler confided to me the fact that he had on his person three or four thousand dollars in greenbacks, every dollar he possessed in the world, and was afraid the Johnies might take us in before morning. Of course it looked a little hazardous to us both, but we were in for it, let come what may.

We had a fair night's sleep, as far as I know, but

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in the morning while the old sutler was hitching up the horses, here came a squad of horsemen and the leader yelled out "whose horses are these?" "Mine", was the old man's reply, trembling in his boots, for he thought sure enough he was a goner. "Well hitch 'em up as quick as you can, I'll just take you down here apiece and introduce you to Gen. John Morgan I guess. He wants just such horses as yours, they're mighty good ones I notice."

All the old sutler could do was to obey orders; so he went about it with a will, but pretty soon he was relieved of his distress, the cavalryman letting him down as easily as possible by saying "Sir, you ought to know better than to be caught here alone in this way. Don't you know that Morgan's men are raiding all over this section of the country? If you want to save your bacon, get out of this as quick as you can, and don't let the grass grow under your feet." I expect the old man would have divided his money equally with 'em if they had asked it.

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Of course it was a dangerous thing for us to do, but there was danger any where about that time, hence we didn't stop to consider very much what might or might not come. However, I can assure you, as the Dutcher would say: "We always looked a leetle oundt after that."

Morgan's men were always a holy terror to friend and foe, alike. Always the best of fighters, and Morgan himself the bravest of the brave. But he was caught napping in a large, brick residence at Greenville East Tennessee two years later, after which the very familiar cry of "Morgan's got y'r Mule" was dropped out of sight and hearing, entirely.

THE CHICKAMAUGA CAMPAIGN

After a good long rest at Murfreesboro, reorganizing, drilling and building half a dozen forts—apparently not for use but to keep the boys all doing something—it was announced that everything was in readiness for an advance; Chattanooga supposed to be the objective point. This news the soldiers all hailed with joy, and the good old song: "Rally Round the Flag Boys" was begun, and the refrain was taken up all along the line until all the woods echoed back the sound: "Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom."

By the 20th of June the location of the enemy had become thoroughly understood. His main infantry force was in the neighborhood of Tullahoma, his left resting at Shelbyville; and on the night of the 30th both armies were in front of each other again.

The next morning, however, it was learned that

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Bragg had abandoned his position, leaving only a rear guard which was soon put to flight, and again our army went into camp, its right resting at Winchester, Tenn., and its left at McMinnville, where it recruited from exhaustion, as the rainy season had now come on. The rivers that we had to cross were all overflowing their banks, and the infantry was obliged to wade through waist deep, holding their guns and accoutrements high above their heads. However, it was my good fortune, occasionally, of being allowed a standing place behind Col. Bennett on horseback, he being a particular friend of mine, thus passing over dry-shod for which I was always truly thankful.

During this stay which lasted only for a few weeks, it was learned that the enemy had crossed the Cumberland Mountains, doubtless with the intentions of leading us on, and if necessary giving battle again at or near Chattanooga, the real objective point of the campaign. Therefore, on the 16th of August, Rosecrans army was in line again and on the 21st the three

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Army Corps was resting on and along the north bank of the Tennessee river from Stevenson, Alabama, northward as far as the Sequatchie Valley, the center resting at or near Shell-Mound. While McCook's Corps to which our regiment belonged, was resting at Stevenson I was ordered to report to Gen. Rosecrans' Headquarters for examination before a board of regular army officers, as to my qualifications for duty in the Signal Corps of the Regular Army. I passed the examination all right, and was about one month thereafter transferred from the infantry service to that other branch which I liked much better.

Rosecrans' army soon moved from its position on the Tennessee river as above stated, and by about the middle of September, the two armies faced each other south of Chattanooga, along what was and is still known as the Chickamauga Creek. And by the way, this creek was rightly named, as in the Indian language that name signified "The River of Death."

The outcome of that terrible battle fought on the

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19th and 20th of September, 1863, is too well known to require any kind of a description here. Suffice it to say that the Union forces only numbered 55,000, and the Confederates about 70,000 effective men including Longstreet's corps from the Army of the Potomac. The official reports filed on either side gave the Union loss at 15,000 and the Confederate loss at 16,000, a total of 31,000 good Americans killed, wounded and missing.

At its close Rosecrans found himself hemmed in at Chattanooga with only one pontoon bridge across the Tennessee river, but with three lines of entrenchments six miles long, from Lookout Point to the river above, and Bragg's army in front preparatory for the two months siege that followed.

In all of these marches and warlike engagements, the old 75th Ill., to which I belonged did well its part, for which the Commanding officer complimented the regiment for its bravery in action, and for the good work performed during the entire campaign. And

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while its loss was small in killed and wounded, it was often in the thickest of the fight, but as eager as ever for the fray during the almost two years that followed.

HOOKER'S ARMY ARRIVES

Soon after the close of the Chickamauga campaign our regiment was ordered to Whiteside, a few miles west of Chattanooga, and the order soon came from the War Department at Washington, transferring Albert M. Crary to the Signal Corps of the regular army, and ordering me to report to Gen. Rosecrans' Headquarters at Chattanooga for Signal duty. This of course terminated my service with the regiment, although I was always in touch with the boys I had served with from the beginning.

When the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps from the Army of the Potomac arrived, the Signal Detachment to which I was first assigned was ordered to Hooker's Headquarter's for duty, and from that time on until after the Lookout Mountain and the Missionary Ridge fights I was on that old fighter's staff, sending and re-

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ceiving messages by Flag, and by the Field Telegraph so much used in a mountainous and wooded country like that.

This department of the service was always furnished with the best of horses when not on signal station or at Headquarters sending and receiving messages; therefore it was my privilege as well as my pleasure to be with Hooker when he attacked the enemy entrenched along the west side of Lookout Mountain on that November day, and to see the Stars and Stripes raised on Lookout Point, after his famous "battle above the clouds."

The old 60th New York was there, and I remember well of meeting and talking with some of the St. Lawrence county boys I had known all my life, and of assisting them as best I could in burying on that mountain side some of their dead comrades left upon that field the day before. General E. A. Merritt was Quarter Master of the regiment, as I remember it, at that time. I also found Charlie Morrill, App Robinson and many

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others whose names I am not able to recall. I also visited that regiment several times while on the Atlanta campaign, and I know of my own knowledge that it was one of the very best regiments in the service. No doubt many of the old comrades are still left, in fact I know the address of some outside of Old St. Lawrence at this writing—provided they have not already “mustered upon the other shore.” The last time I met the 60th New York as a regiment, was while resting for a time at Atlanta previous to Sherman’s famous March to the Sea.

THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

Immediately following the Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge battles, General Grant left for Washington to take personal command of the entire Union forces, leaving Gen. Sherman in command at Chattanooga.

The battle of Gettysburg, and Pemberton's surrender at Vicksburg added to the union victory at Murfreesboro had in reality broken the back-bone of the Confederacy, but the American soldiers it seemed, never know when they are whipped, consequently it became necessary for the Confederacy to be cut in two, which Sherman now proceeded to do.

In the reorganization of his army here in Chattanooga the detachment of the Signal Corps to which I then belonged was assigned to Sherman's Headquarters hence I had the best opportunity I had ever before

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enjoyed to note the real operations of an army in the field. In fact a soldier in the ranks sees little more than what happens in his immediate vision, but in the Signal service his vision is greatly extended, as that branch of an army is always supposed to be "the eyes and ears of the commanding officer", during the entire Campaign.

The rebel Gen. Bragg had been succeeded by Gen. Joseph Johnson, his forces being now encamped about Dalton, with a good strong detachment at Grayville and Tunnel Hill. The Union troops destined to operate in this campaign were designated as the Army of the Tennessee under the command of Gen. McPherson, the Army of the Cumberland under Gen. Thomas, and the Army of the Ohio under Gen. Schofield who afterwards did such noble work at Franklin, leaving between seven and eight thousand of Hood's brave men dead upon the field. Gen. Sherman's army now consisted of 98,797 men, including soldiers in rank, teamsters, the hospital corps, and thousands of men detailed to guard our line

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of communication by railroad from Nashville to the front. He also had 254 cannons distributed through the command at the rate of one battery of light artillery to each brigade.

Under the physical obstacles before him, Sherman resolved upon turning the enemy's flank; and accordingly, after making a feint on the right towards Gordon's Mill he came upon a small force in front of Rocky Faced Ridge, shelling them out of that and capturing Dalton and Buzzard's Roost with less than a hundred in killed, wounded and missing.

Atlanta being the objective point in this campaign, it was Sherman's policy from first to last to save his men by his "flanking" tactics, hence he continued to press the enemy back with but few slight engagements at Resaca, Kingston, Dallas, Pumpkin-vine creek, and finally in front of Atlanta where on the 22nd day of July, Gen. McPherson was killed.

Sherman finally concluded to flank Atlanta and force Gen. Hood who had just succeeded to the com-

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mand, to get out of that stronghold without bringing on a general engagement. This plan succeeded admirably, for after striking the railroad at Lovejoy station, some twenty miles south of Atlanta on the last day of August, the enemy blew up what ammunition they had in store at Atlanta and retired in the dead of the night in the direction of Lost Mountain, avoiding the Union forces as much as possible; and on the next day Sherman returned and took possession of Atlanta after four months of hard campaigning over a distance of 141 miles.

No thought had as yet entered the mind of the Union Commander of destroying Atlanta, the capital of the great state of Georgia. But when Gen. Hood swung his army around to the west and northward, gobbling onto the railroad between Kennesaw Mountain and Allatoona Pass, and had thrown his entire force against the little fortress at Allatoona, where rations enough were deposited to last an army for a couple of months or so, the plans of the campaign were changed

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entirely, and Sherman was ordered to leave Gen. Thomas, "The Rock of Chickamauga" to take care of Hood, to destroy Atlanta and to cut loose to the seaboard, which he at once proceeded to do.

FRANKLIN AND NASHVILLE

At this juncture of the campaigning, the Detachment of the Signal Corps to which I belonged was assigned to General Thomas' Headquarters for duty, therefore Sherman's famous "March to the Sea" was kept from us entirely, however, it gave us an opportunity to be eye witnesses to the most desperate hand to hand fighting that ever took place on the American Continent, possibly barring Pickett's famous charge at Gettysburg.

Sherman cut loose for the sea two or three days after the Allatoona fight, and Hood's entire army then swung around to the west again, and in due time crossed the Tennessee river at Florence, Alabama, 45,000 strong, bent upon the capture of Nashville and of bringing Tennessee back into the Confederacy again. But he soon found out that "The best laid plans of mice

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and men Gang Aft Aglee" for Thomas and Schofield were prepared to crush him at Franklin and Nashville, which they proceeded to do in the following beautiful style.

It was the last day of November, 1864, Thomas was on his way to Nashville with part of his army, and Schofield was keeping an eagle's eye on the enemy farther to the west, expecting to join Thomas at Nashville before any thing like an engagement was brought on.

Hood on the Confederate side had hoped by a forced and rapid march from Florence, Ala., to intercept and destroy Schofield before he could join Thomas.

The two forces first met at Columbia, and raced desperately in parallel columns towards the goal at Nashville. Hood had the advantage. He gave orders for the leading Corps to take and hold possession of the pike at Spring Hill, a task which as the matters then stood would have been comparatively easy; would have cut Schofield's army in two, thus giving the Confederates a decided advantage.

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erates time to attack separately and to crush both wings of the divided army. But by some means his orders were miscarried, and when the Confeds were massed and ready for action in front of Franklin, Schofield was strongly intrenched along the north side of the Harpeth river which bends around the town, and while the Federal guns were pouring their shot and shell into the enemy's ranks as they were forming for action, Gen. Hood sat upon his horse in plain sight of both armies, writing and sending out orders for the charge.

Across the open field more than a mile wide they came, charging against Schofield's solid line of intrenchments. Half a dozen times or more they fell back, reformed and charged again, to the very mouths of the guns inside the works at times, but each time sent back by a defense as brave and determined as the attack itself.

The next morning the dead lay over the field so thick that one might have walked for a mile, using the

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dead bodies as stepping stones. Cleburn and his horse lay dead in the immediate front of our regiment on the Columbia pike. Adams and his horse lay dead half way across our breastworks. Gist, Strahl and Granberry had fallen in front of their commands, and Carter, mortally wounded had been carried through the Federal lines to his own house near by and died in the arms of his family—probably the only officer on either side throughout the whole war who met his death in pitched battle at his own door.

Cut and haggled to pieces as his army was, Hood was before Nashville in three days time, and facing the united armies of Schofield and Thomas, too. Both sides lay most of the time inactive there for several weeks and until Thomas was ready to strike the final blow.

Hood's army had been reduced by desertion to a considerable extent, and when Thomas' advance from Nashville commenced the Union forces had little to do except to advance and occupy the ground on which we

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had camped just exactly two years before. However, there was a few rather sharp engagements here and there, but by the 20th of December, 1864, Hood's army (what few there was left of them) again crossed the Tennessee river into Alabama and the war was virtually at an end.

BACK INTO CIVIL LIFE AGAIN

The two battles of Franklin and Nashville practically ended the active campaigning, so far as our department was concerned. Therefore we passed the winter and spring moving about from place to place, and the 9th of April, when Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox found our detachment of the Signal Corps at Greenville, East Tennessee the home of Vice President Johnson. We arrived there by rail the next day after Morgan was killed in the same brick residence that Gen. Stanley, who commanded the Division sent there, established his headquarters.

This entire Command was soon ordered back to Nashville and went into camp for the last time six miles south of that city. Active campaigning now being entirely over, I asked for and soon was granted a 30 days furlough, and on the 26th. day of June, while

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yet a "bold soldier boy" was married to Miss Sabra A. Teats, daughter of Judge and Mrs. C. C. Teats at Erie, Whiteside county, Illinois, Reverend J. W. Jacobs of Morrison, performing the marriage ceremonies.

Soon after this event took place I returned to Nashville expecting to be sent to Texas where there was some trouble brewing yet; but when I reported at Signal Headquarters for duty, Captain Joseph H. Spencer, who was then in command, handed me my discharge, and told me to go to the Paymaster in Nashville, draw the six months pay that was due me, and the one hundred dollars bounty I was allowed by law, then to go home and commence life over again. Of course that kind of an admonition sounded good to me; therefore after serving my country faithfully for three long years, I was free to come and go as I pleased again. It was three years of the best part of my life, but I never have regretted for a moment the sacrifice so made.

During the next seven years after our marriage,

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I taught school the greater part of the time in that—Whitside—county, and there were born to us three children, two sons and a daughter, all of whom together with their children and our grandchildren, fifteen in all, are now living near us. Then learning of the great opportunities presenting themselves in the great state of Kansas, we pulled up stakes, struck tents, and cast our lots in this (Dickinson) county where we have resided ever since.

I had homesteaded my quarter-section of land eighteen miles south of Abilene, the fall previous, but not being able to locate on it myself within the six months time the law required me to do so, my good wife took the three small children herself, came to Abilene by rail and hired a man to build us a shanty on the land large enough to meet the requirement of the law; thus holding it until I came and joined them a couple of months afterwards. I count that an act on my wife's part, coming among almost entire strangers as she did, worthy of the highest commendation, and I know that you, Mr. Reader, will join me in that conclusion.

RAIDED BY GRASSHOPPERS

The first two years of our Kansas life was successful in the main, during which time I had set out hedge, broke up the prairie, built a fair sized house and barn, and in 1874 had succeeded in harvesting twenty acres of as fine wheat as was ever taken from the threshing machine. We also had a nice field of corn from eight to twelve feet high, and all went well until wheat threshing time came, along about the middle of August, when Lo and Behold, the heavens above became overcast, not with clouds of rain, but with myriads of grasshoppers as far as could be seen in every direction.

No one can realize the extent of the demoralization these little pests wrought among us. We at once decided that there was no use at all in using language in any manner irreverent, for none among us felt that we could do the thing justice; so we unhitched horses

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from the horse-power, staked down the machine to prevent it from being carried off bodily, each repairing to our respective homes bent on waiting the issue whatever that might mean.

The next morning the sun arose, but the hoppers clung to the earth; we poor homesteaders still waiting the outcome. By sun up an hour and a half high, it was easy to be seen that the corn in the field was going, so the order was "Fall to, and Spare not", and directly the corn knives were at work in the fields to beat the band.

Well, after cutting and slashing for twenty rods or more, we looked back and the piles of corn stalks we had made were nowhere to be seen. So not proposing to cut it down for their particular accomodation, we all retired in good order and left it to its fate. Suffice it to say that not one ear of corn that year was ever harvested in this section of the state, although we succeeded in saving what wheat the hoppers didn't want; and that ended the farming about here until the

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frost came, after which the lands were planted to fall wheat again, and all went into winter quarters, hoping for the best.

That fall there was a county electon to be held, and having taught school the winter before in this, Dickinson county, I entered the race for County Superintendent of schools, and at the November election went into office "hands down."

We then moved to Abilene where we resided until 1883, and until my last term as County Superintendent had expired.

By this time the hopper scares were all over, the cyclones and the tornadoes had disappeared from the state—had all gone East and South I learned afterwards—and "Kansas was herself again." The prairie schooners that had gone east in '75, '76 and '77, all labeled on their sides, "In God we trusted, and in Kansas we Busted," nearly all came back and from that time 'till now Kansas has shown the best figures for stock and grain of any of the Western States.

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My ten years service in the office of Superintendent of Schools of Dickinson County, naturally brought me into close touch with all the people of the county, both old and young; therefore it is quite natural that I should regard this as my permanent abiding place. It was a part of my duties to visit each and every school in the county once or twice each year, consequently this brought me so very many acquaintances that hundreds of the kids who attended the district schools thirty and thirty-five years ago, even at this late day hail me as of old, and remind me of those far off days, when as they sometimes say "we attended school together."

NOW INTO THE EDITORIAL FIELD

As soon as my ten years work in that office was done, we moved back to our Ridge township farm and commenced to raise wheat, corn, oats, cattle and horses again. But finding this to be rather down hill business on account of the prevailing low prices at the time, I accepted a call from Mr. Royer, owner of the Abilene Daily Gazette, to come back to the County Seat and edit that paper, during the coming political campaign; and that three months service gave me such a desire for Newspaper Work that we moved to Hope, and with the assistance of a couple of printers from Council Grove, added to the kind advice of the Hope business men, commenced the publication of the Hope Dispatch which my nephew, M. C. Hemenway, now owns and publishes.

And this brings me up to the Summer of 1889 at

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which time I sold my interest in the Dispatch to Mr. Hemenway, and together with my son, Bruce, who had learned the printing business in the Dispatch office at Hope, commenced the publication of The Herington Times which we continued to build up during the next Twenty years, and until the Summer of 1909 when we disposed of the plant to W. H. Smith, and he in turn selling out to Harris and Barton, its present owners and publishers.

The next fall after coming to Herington I was elected to the office of Justice of the Peace, which office I have held ever since; having been re-elected every two years. In addition to this I have served as Councilman two years, Mayor of the City one year, and am at this time serving as Police Judge, to which office I have been elected and re-elected four or five times.

During the last fifteen years Herington has grown from a little town of one thousand inhabitants to a City of the Second Class—our population now numbering Four Thousand Three Hundred and Seventy

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Five, almost one third of whom are Rock Island Railroad men and their families.

Herington has at this time: three large, first class School Buildings, ten Churches, and plenty of first class business houses. Also, we are erecting at this time a large High School building, a Carnegie Library Building, and an elegant Masonic Temple which we expect to occupy by about the first of October 1915—this present year.

With one, bare exception, our children and grand children are all settled around us, the same being with us at the time of our Golden Wedding Anniversary, June 26th, 1915, an account of which will be given on the next few pages, the same to close the Author's personal Memoirs, and Book ONE of this volume.

OUR GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Before closing these Memoirs I desire to return thanks to the several Masonic Lodges of Herington for the very pleasant and enjoyable reception tendered to Mrs. Crary and myself on the Fiftieth Anniversary of our Wedded life, the following account of which I clip from the Herington Times of date July 1st, 1915.

GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

It has been a long time since a Golden Wedding Anniversary was observed in Herington with such splendid ceremonies as those that attended the anniversary of Judge and Mrs. A. M. Crary at the Masonic Hall last Thursday night. The event was planned and executed by the various branches of the Masonic order and in its success it exceeded by far the expectations of the committees which had it in charge. The guests

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included the members of the Masonic orders in Herington and Hope and the members of the W. R. C. and G. A. R. These guests with the relatives numbered about 200.

The hall was beautifully decorated, the profuse display of wild daisies especially adding beauty to the scene. At one end of the hall, was "1865" the date of the marriage of the Crarys and at the other "1915" both in large gold figures.

The ceremony was performed by Dr. R. M. Tinnon after which the 200 guests passed in review before the bridal couple and extended congratulations. In behalf of the lodge Dr. Tinnon presented to Judge Crary a beautiful gold headed cane and to Mrs. Crary an elegant gold-headed parasol. This called for a speech from the Judge who thanked the donors in a few appropriate words for these gifts and for the ceremonies which had been planned for him and Mrs. Crary.

A. C. Bertsinger of Hope lodge presented to Judge Crary a set of gold cuff buttons, a stick pin and a gold

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neck-tie band as remembrances from the Hope lodge of which the Judge was the first master.

Following these ceremonies, the Ladies Band of Herington played a selection, Mrs. L. D. Blachly gave a reading and Miss Mattie Beam rendered a solo. Miss Ruth Hemenway, a relative of the Crarys sang "Silver Threads Among The Gold." Miss Laurene Crary of McPherson, a grand daughter, played the wedding march, A. H. Wheat of Salina was best man and Mrs. Wheat bridesmaid.

After the ceremony a sumptuous repast was served in the banquet hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Crary were married in Erie, Whiteside county, Illinois, fifty years ago. At the time of their marriage the Judge was on a furlough from his regiment then stationed at Nashville. They have been residents of this county for forty years or more and perhaps no more popular couple live in the county than they. Although the Judge has reached his four score years, he is in good health and his faculties are unim-

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paired. Always cheerful and youthful in spirit, time has not made of him what it usually does with the average man of his years, and all of his friends believe and hope that he will remain young as long as he lives.

Among the guests at the anniversary were a number of Masons from Hope, Delavan and other towns. The relatives present were: M. C. Hemenway and family of Hope, Mr. and Mrs. Merrill Bradshaw of Wichita, E. C. Crary and family of McPherson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Crary of McPherson, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Tobey of Hope, Mrs. W. A. Hawley, Mrs. D. R. Underwood, Mrs. F. A. White of Kansas City and W. A. Crary of Grand Forks, North Dakota.

Judge and Mrs. Crary were the recipients of many presents, all of which they prize highly. Among other things, they received \$100 in gold.

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The Nathan and Lydia Crary Family



PART SECOND
RECORD OF THE CRARY-TEATS
AND HOPKINS FAMILIES

APPENDIX

Descent Of The Crary Family From Peter and John Crary Down To The Present Generations.

I do not claim to have in my possession a perfect Record of so numerous a family as I, myself belong to, and I doubt very much if such a Record ever was or ever will be found. Officials were not as particular in those early days as they are now to record and to keep up the family records as they should be kept.

Family Traditions have it that during the time of Robert Bruce of Scotland the family name was McQuary, and that in due time the Mc. was dropped, leaving the name of that clan, Quary. That finally, this name was changed to McCrary, and that farther on the Mc. was again dropped, which left our name just, simply CRARY, nothing more and nothing less. Any way, when those two brothers, Peter and John landed in America they were known then, and ever after have been, and always will be known and recognized as CRARY.

With this brief explanation, I now proceed to the task of giving you the Record as I find it, which is practically correct, so far as it goes to say the least.

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Record of Nathan And Lydia Crary

The Record of the NATHAN Crary family from Peter Crary down may be briefly stated as follows:

Peter Crary was born in Scotland in 1645.

Robert, son of Peter was born in 1690.

Christopher, son of Robert was born in 1713.

Ezra, son of Christopher was born in 1737.

NATHAN, son of Ezra was born at Voluntown, Conn., March 9th, 1762, and married Lydia Arnold May 1st., 1783.

Their children were as follows:

Ezra, born 1787, died 1844.

Appleton, born 1789, died 1867.

Dolly, born 1790, died 1819.

Nathan, born 1791, died 1861.

Orin, born 1793, died 1878.

Lydia, born 1796, died 1855.

Edward, born 1801, died 1853.

Oringe Smith, born 1803, died 1839.

Sobrina, born 1806, died 1861.

John Wesley, born 1808, died 1902.

Stephen, born 1812, died 1880.

Julia, born 1814, died 1890.

There were also two children in this family who died in infancy, making in all 14 children born to NATHAN and Lydia Arnold Crary.

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Record of the APPLETON and ROBY CRARY Family

Appleton Crary married Roby Hopkins at Canton, New York on the 8th day of March A. D., 1808. Their children were:

Truman, born in 1809, died in infancy.

Albert, born in 1811, died in 1826.

Polly, born in 1813, died in 1833

Dolly, born in 1815, died in 1901.

Lucretia, born in 1817, died in 1824.

Truman Hopkins, born Dec. 21st, 1819, died Aug. 1876

Nathan, born Oct. 28th, 1821, died May 15th, 1864.

Wililam H., born Aug. 4th, 1823, died July 31st, 1849.

Ezra M., born Jan. 18th, 1825, died Aug. 10th, 1902.

Lydia, born Jan. 31st, 1827, died Jan. 24th, 1908.

Praxa, born Oct. 22nd, 1829, died June 7th, 1870

Royal J., born Aug. 7th, 1831, died Oct. 24th, 1869.

Orin M., born Oct. 20th, 1832, died Sept. 21st, 1886.

Albert M., born Nov. 20th, 1834, Author of this Book

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Family Of Appleton and Roby Crary.

Dolly the eldest daughter of the family who lived to any considerable age, married Parker Robinson of Parishville, N. Y.

Their children were: Albert, Nathan, Polly, Myron Appleton, Elma, Ezra and Ruth. Albert married Marie Brooks. Nathan married 1st Mary Pemperton, 2nd Vesta Crary. Polly married Horace Raymond. Elma married Warren Turner. Myron married Matilda Roony. Ezra married Mattie Howard. Ruth married George Turner.

Truman H., the eldest son who lived to any considerable age, married, 1st Olive Wellington. 2nd Mrs. Emily Olmstead. His children by the first wife were: Calista and Ezra Mead. By the second wife were: Silas W., Lucius T., Almeron and Alvah. Calista married Andrew Cole. Ezra Mead married 1st Mary White, 2nd Julia Finley. Silas W., not married. Lucius T., married Mira Chase. Alvah married.

Emily Olmstead's children by her first husband were: Lydia, Hepsy, Mariette and George Olmstead.

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Nathan 3rd, married Lorain Cornish. Their children were Amelia Ann, Harriet R and Nathan. Amelia Ann married Dr. Barney. Harriet R. married John W. Prince of Springfield, Mass., and Nathan married Eliza Emmons Dickinson.

William H, married Louesa Amond. After William's death there was born to this union a son, named William H. in loving memory of that good brother of mine whose untimely death came upon us within six short weeks after his said marriage.

Ezra M. married 1st Julia A. Brown. There was no issue to this union ; 2nd Margaret Bell. Their children were:

John Hopkins, married Mina N. Montague.

William Appleton, married Mabel McDonald.

Merril Malcolm, married Vesta Hemenway.

Edward Baker. Single.

Philip Sheridan. Single.

Frances Camelia, married 1st Burton Cook, 2nd Geo. W. Hadley.

Ezra Milton, married Frances Mc'Donald.

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Albert Millard, married Anna E. Patmode.

Clayton Bell, married Lelia Fulton.

Lydia Lucretia, married Harry B. Olin.

This large family, with but two exceptions, is now living in North Dakota, where they went when the country was new and they could get land cheap. Although we are more than a thousand miles apart, we visit each other, generally about once a year.

Lydia Lucretia married Salmon Hemenway of West Potsdam, N. Y. Their children were Lovinus who was a Locomotive Engineer and unmarried. Marcellus who died in infancy. Millard C. who married 1st Gussie Channon; 2nd Carrie Carnes. Herbert T. who married Ella Hearn. Corrie M. who married E. Colwert Adams, and Vesta A. who married Merril M., son of Ezra and Margaret Crary.

Praxa Ann, married Truman Moore of West Potsdam. Their children were:

Lettetia V. married Orry W. Barlow.

Erskine T. married Ella Barber of Canton.

Florence V. married Gillie Howard.

John M. married Clara Felton.

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Nathan C. married Jennie Bellows.

Mildred J. married Dr. F. M. Crain of Redfield, South Dakota.

The above named Erskine M. and Lettetia V. now living in South Tacoma, Washington, and John M. and Nathan C. living in New York state.

Royal J. married Louesa Crary. Their children were: Charlie, who died young. Emma who married Angus R. Grant of North Tonawanda, N. Y. and Lorraine, who married Chas. E. Knight of Bradford, Pa.

Orin M. married Sarah E. Barlow. They had one daughter by adoption, Lottie E. who taught the Sciences in the Kansas State Normal School in Emporia for many years—now living in South Tacoma, Wash.

Albert M. (author of this book) married 1st Caroline Myers of Potsdam N. Y.—no issue; 2nd Sabra A. Teats of Erie, Whiteside County, Illinois. Their children were:

Elwin C. married Inez Phinney of Council Grove, Kans.

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Mabel C. married Charles Bradshaw of Hope, Kansas.
Bruce C. married Rose Beagle of Hope, Kansas.

Record of the Stephen Crary Family

STEPHEN CRARY married 1st Julia Reynolds.
Their children were:

Betsy who married 1st James Healey, 2nd Thomas Salisbury.

Ellen who married Horace Butetrfield.

Judson R. who married Jessie A. West.

Alson who married Sarah Searles.

William E. who married 1st Mary Peck, 2nd Eunice Northrup.

Mahlon S. who married Martha A. Leonard.

Children of Stephen A. and Mary Montgomery
(his 2nd wife):

Ryland A. who married 1st Maria Bacheller, 2nd, Ora Lamb.

Nathan C. who married Elma A. Taggart.

Record of the Smith Crary Family

Oringe Smith who was commonly known as "Uncle Smith, the Poet," married Minerva Sanford. Their children were:

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Eliza, who married Stephen Miles.
Marcia, who married Sherman Royce.
George L. who married Julia Clark.
Leslie who married Philena Montague.
Caroline, who died single.
Minerva, Emerett and Emogene Maria.

Record of the Wesley Crary Family.

John Wesley Crary married Pamelia Holmes. Their children were:

Charles W. known as "Doctor Charley," married Mary Porter.

George H. married Kate Cooper.

Harriet, married Gen. Amos S. Kimball of the Regular Army.

William H. married Mary Sabin. He is now known as Dr. W. H. Crary, and is one of the leading dentists of St. Paul, Minnesota.

"Uncle Wesley", as he was commonly known by everybody, lived to be the oldest of the Crary families, dying at the advanced age of ninety four and a half years. He was hale and hearty, and as sprightly as a boy up to within a few weeks before his death.

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Record of the Ezra Crary Family.

Ezra was the oldest of my Grandfather's family. He married my mother's sister, Sobrina Hopkins, March 23rd, 1806, and removed from Potsdam, N. Y., to Defiance County, Ohio in 1844, with his entire family. Their children were:

Elias who married Clarissa Smith.

Armenius who married Alzina L. Covey.

Nathaniel, married 1st Mercy Wartenbee, 2nd Mate Hopkins.

Osgood S. married Frances Bullock.

Laura M. married Nelson Stone.

Hannah married Philip Ellsworth.

John H. and Ezra Mead, not married.

Record of the Nathan Crary 2nd, Family.

Nathan the 2nd, married Catherine Lamb. Their family consisted of but one son who married Abigail Brown of Parishville. After his death in 1853, Case's widow married Ingram Leonard of Pierrepont Hill.

Record of the Orin Crary Family.

Orin Crary married Laura Clark. Their children were:

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Edward who married Lorain Thomas of Madrid.
Heman who married Susan Dimick of Hanaway Falls.
Harry who married Hannah Thompson of Vermont.

Record of the Edward Crary Family.

Edward Crary married Ruby Clark. Their only daughter, Caroline, married Captain Charles Church of Crary Mills, N. Y.

Sobrina Crary (my father's sister) married Rev. Elijah Smead. They had no children of their own, but had an adopted son—Thomas Stack.

Record of the Lydia Crary Family.

Lydia, sister of Appleton, married Warren Clark of Potsdam. Their children were: John, Nathan and Emerson. John was the first passenger conductor on the Ogdensburg and Rouse's Point railroad for many years. Nathan was a barber in Potsdam until the Mexican war broke out. He then enlisted in the army and served as long as that war lasted, then lo-

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cated in San Francisco, since which time I have lost track of him, entirely. Emerson, at last accounts, moved from Chicago to Los Angeles, California.

Record of the Dolly Crary Family.

Dolly, sister of Appleton Crary, married Aaron Howard. Their children were: Oliver, Merril, Appleton, Nathan, Orin and Lucy.

So far as I am able to find out, their children, grand children, and great grand children are still living in St. Lawrence county where their progenitors as far back as my Grand Father, Nathan Crary lived and died.

Record of the Julia Crary Family.

Julia (my father's youngest sister) married Asa Goodnough. Their children were: Thercleva, Andrew, Julia and Orin. Farther than this I have no record of this family.

Record of the Judge Teats Family.

Christopher C. Teats was born in Pennsylvania, Sept. 26th, 1816, and died at Erie, Whiteside County, Illinois, March 3rd, 1874, aged 58 years.

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Chloe S. Warren was born in Wyoming county, New York June 23rd 1820, and died at Herington, Kansas, Oct. 13th, 1909, aged 89 years.

These were married at Erie, Illinois March 3rd, 1842. Their children were: Josephine, Clayton M., Sabra A., Delilah R., Lilly R., and Govnor.

Josephine married Stephen W. Tobey. Their children were: Wallace, who married Addie Stratton, Winnie, who married William A. Hawley, Warren and Wyman.

Clayton M. married Mary Tobey. Their children were: Lena, George, Walter, Lota, Millard and Clayton M.

Sabra A. married A. M. Crary. Their children were: Elwin C. who married Inez Phinney, Mabel C. who married Charles Bradshaw, and Bruce C. who married Rose Beagle.

Delilah R. married Elias Underwood. Their only daughter, Edith, married William C. McQuiston of Kansas City.

Lilly R. married Frank A. White. Their only daughter, Mildred, married William Brace, also of Kansas City.

Govnor. married, 1st Ella Reeves, 2nd Florence J. Robb. Children were: Roscoe, who married Marion A. Mychalska, Leo, who married Cathleen Fau, and Ralph who married Olive Graham. All now living in Tacoma, Washington.

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Record of the Hopkins Family.

I will say in the outset that I am indebted very largely to Mrs. Nellie Mead Southworth of Canton, New York, for the greater part of information I have been able to gather regarding this family. From that lady, together with what I have gleaned from other sources, I find that John and Hannah Mead Hopkins emigrated from Rutland county, Vermont about the year 1804 or 5 and that they settled on a farm between where Canton and Ogdensburg now stands.

Their children were: Melinda, Roby, Praxa, Sobrina, Dorcas, Rice, John, Royal and Narcissa. Melinda married Henry Mead, Roby married Appleton Crary (my father), Praxa married Joseph Thomas, Sobrina married Ezra Crary, Narcissa married Rev. George Chapman, Dorcas married Anson Field. I am not able to state whom the wives of Rice, John and Royal were.

The Henry and Melinda Mead family consisted of Chloe who married Emery Baker, Harriett who married Spencer Hopkins, Orville A. who married Emily Clark, Sarah who married Silas Doolittle, Cyrus who married Cordelia Way, Heman who married Chloe Spaulding, and Luman B. who married Julia Goodman.

My mother's three brothers, to wit: Rice, John and Royal removed to Defiance County, Ohio in an early day, each raising large families, and so far as I am

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able to learn, most of their posterity are living there now. Any way, they are holding what they are pleased to term: "The Hopkins Family Reunion" year after year even unto this day.

For any further information desired in regard to the Hopkins families, you are hereby referred to Arby Hopkins of Seattle, Washington, as well as to Truman H. Hopkins of Edgerton, Ohio, who will no doubt be greatly pleased to answer any and all communications addressed to them.

Record of the Jerry Crary Family.

Mr. Jerry Crary of Warren, Pennsylvania, furnishes me with the following line of descent of his own family from Peter Crary down.

Peter 1st married Christobel, daughter of Capt. John Gallup; Peter 2nd, son of Peter 1st married Ann Culver; Nathan, son of Peter 2nd married 1st Dorothy Wheeler, 2nd Ruth Searls; Thomas, son of Nathan, married Mehitabel Mason; Thomas 2nd married Polly Holmes; Calvert, son of Thomas 2nd married Eliza Hill Jerry, son of Calvert, married Laura A. Dunham Sept. 13th, 1870.

Jerry and Laura Crary's children were: Horace A. born June 1st, 1873; Miner D. born August 4th, 1875;

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Clara J. born April 3rd, 1879; Marion, born Dec. 17th, 1880.

From the record sent me it appears that the above named Jerry Crary had five brothers and two sisters as follows: Horace H., Joseph M., Thomas, Dennison, George, Mary Ann, and Sarah E.

Horace H. married Polly Burr. Joseph M. married Ann B. Hill. Mary Ann married John N. Young. Thomas married Frances M. Bradley. Dennison married Elma A. Hoxie. George married Mary A. Fisk and Sarah E. married Denison Fisk.

The Courtney D. Crary Record.

The Record of the Courtney D. Crary family of South Haven, Michigan will be found somewhat incomplete, as the statement I have from him is several years old and in some respects hard to cipher out. However, it shows that his line of descent comes down from Peter Crary, 1st who married Christobel Gallup, to Peter 2nd, who married Ann Culver, then to Nathan, who married Ruth Searls.

He also gives as a part of his Genealogy, the name of Amos Crary who married Mary Denison. Denison Crary who married Henrietta W. Williams. Horace

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Crary who married Harriet E. Barkley. Courtney D. Crary who married Charlotte R. Vroman. Kittie M. Crary who married Charles Daube. Ralph Crary who married Hazel Cowles. Arthur Crary who married Marie E. Corbet. Susan M. Crary who married Andrew Allen. Sally Ann Crary not married. Dorothy E. Crary who married Amos S. Faville and Geo. C. Faville who married Melinda Cleaver.

The Dr. George W. Crary Record.

The Record of Dr. George W. Crary of New York City comes down in a straight line from John Crary, brother of Peter Crary 1st who married Christobel Gallup.

The seven generations from John Crary seems to come along down thus: Roger, son of John; Roger 2nd son of Roger 1st; Joseph son of Roger 2nd; Leonard Proctor Crary, son of Joseph Crary; George Crary, son of Leonard Proctor Crary and Dr. George Waldo Crary born in Brooklyn, New York, January 3rd, 1864 and married Julia Treadwell Ogdens of Philadelphia, Pa., April 30th, 1891.

So far as I have been able to find out, this is the only direct line of descent from the first named John

THE A. M. CRARY MEMOIRS

Crary down. There are quite a number of offshoots from the above named families of Crarys, but to this date, I am sorry to say, I have not been able to find them out.

The Judge Samuel D. Crary Record.

A few years ago I had some correspondence with Judge S. D. Crary of Ute, Iowa, and ascertained that his line of descent came down from Peter Crary the same as my own, as far as Christopher who married Polly Witter, but when it came down to Oliver, son of Christopher, there our two lines diverged.

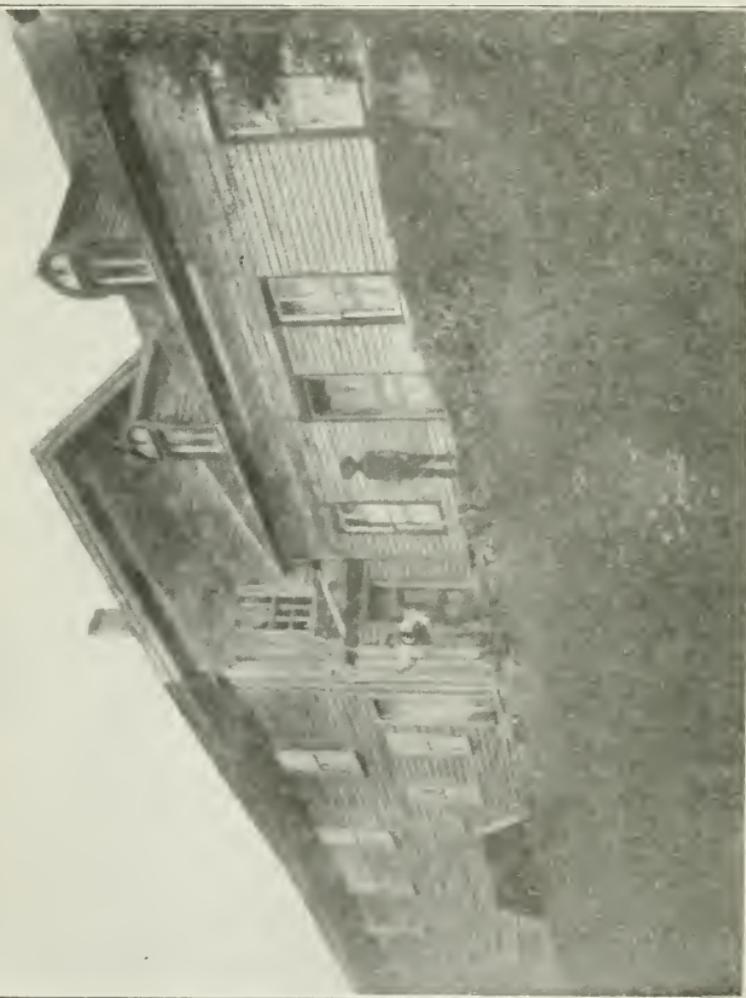
I find along down his line these names: Joseph Crary, Lucy Crary, who married Amos Whitter; Elisha Crary who married Abigal Avery; Dolly Crary who married another Amos Avery; Christopher G., Ebenezer, Charles W., Harry Dunwell, Stephen C., and William Albert, son of Henry Dunwell Crary.

So far as I have been able to learn, the greater part of these families are now residents of these western states; say in Iowa, Dakota, Wisconsin, Michigan and Illinois.

The Old Packard Hotel, as shown on the reverse side of this leaf, was in the early day one of the most favorite pleasure resorts in St. Lawrence County. It stood about one-half of the way between Russell and Pierrepont Hill, on what was known as the Old Russell Turnpike. Many of the older generation will of course remember the pleasant dancing parties they attended there in their younger days. This is the only picture in existence of that old hotel, and this I took myself in 1899, with Lute and Alvah Crary standing on the porch as you see them there. A few weeks after this was taken that old resort was destroyed by fire, as many of the present generation of course know.

A. M. CRARY.

Packard's Hotel, Pierrepont, N. Y.



PART THIRD
RECITATIONS SONGS
ETC.

THE A. M. CRARY MEMOIRS

LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

THE A. M. CRARY MEMOIRS

OPPORTUNITY

Master of human destinies am I.
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait,
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by
Hovel, and mart, and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore,
I answer not, and I return no more.

—John J. Ingalls.

THE INVINCIBLE VETERANS

When the nation was burying the body of Mr. Lincoln at Springfield, a citizen touched a soldier and said, "Sir, you are standing in front of me." The soldier replied "I have been for four years." This gave the soldier the right to stand anywhere. Thus the right to stand anywhere inheres in the wornout preachers, the invincible veterans. For God honors "the arduous greatness of things achieved" and judges by the deeds done in the body.

THE A. M. CRARY MEMOIRS

A German baron went with Bishop Ames to see the great review of the armies in Washington at the close of the war. Some soldiers came by with new uniforms. The baron said, "What fine men!" The Army of the Potomac came by with firm tread. The baron said, "Bishop, those men can whip the world!" Bishop Ames said, "They can." By and by the Western army marched by. Their ranks were decimated and their uniforms were tattered. They swung along in open order. Some carried mess kettles on their shoulders; some had a chicken or part of a ham hung on their guns. On they swung up Pennsylvania Avenue, making all kinds of noises, imitating all kinds of animals as they passed the grand stand. The baron, springing up, threw his arms around Bishop Ames, saying, "Bishop, Bishop, those men can whip the devil."

—Western Christian Advocate.

WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE

When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in Heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in

THE A. M. CRARY MEMOIRS

fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the Earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" Nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterward," but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground:

 Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts; a song of home,
 And friends we love so dear.

CHORUS—Many are the hearts that are weary tonight
 Waiting for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
 To see the dawn of peace

THE A. M. CRARY MEMOIRS

Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground,

Thinking of days gone by,
Of loved ones at home who gave us the hand
And the tear that said good bye.—CHORUS.
We're tired of the war on the old camp ground;
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true who have left their homes,
Others been wounded long.—CHORUS.

We've been fighting to-day on the old camp ground,
Many are lying near;
Some are dead, and some are dying,
Many are in tears.

CHORUS—Many are the hearts that are weary to-night
Waiting for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace
Dying to-night, dying to-night,
Dying on the old camp ground.

VOT DID DEM BRIVATES DO?

I.

Vot's dot vot you vellers is talkin'
'Bout beples vot fight in de war?
Und licked all dem secesher-repels
Till dey didn't could fight any more.

THE A. M. CRARY MEMOIRS

You tell how dem Shenerals licked 'em:
Vell, maype dots all very drue,
But while dey vas doin' dot fightin'
Vot's dot vot dem Brivates do ?

II

I read in de bapers pout Gurnels
Vot sharge on dot strong Rebel line,
Und gobbel 'bout tain tousand rebels—
Py kracious! dot reads mighty fine!
Und I look on dot peaptiful bicture
Till I'm yust about "gone" on dot view,
Und I tink dot dem Gurnels was bully,
But, vot did dem Brivates do ?

III.

Und Somedimes I hear of some Majors
Vot did somedings pig in de fight,
Und Captains sometimes, und Lieutenants,—
But dey doned shine 'em out werry pright,
Vor dey march on der groundt mit de Brivates,
Und, I tells yer now somedings dots true:—
Ov dey didn't vas Brivates derseluf
Dey know vot dem Brivates do!

IV

Ov you fights in de ranks in dem battles,
You vish you somedimes vasn't dere!
You vish you vas von of dem Shenerals
Vot ride on a horse in de rear.
Den, ven ve are chased by dem rebels

THE A. M. CRARY MEMOIRS

Dot horse, he skedaddle mit you;—
You doan haf to run like a son of a gun
De same vot dem Brivates do!

V

Who marchet all de day in de rainstorm
Und stood on de bicket all night,
Und den had to go in de mornin'
Mitoued hes "grub" into de fight?
Who made dem old Johnnies Skedaddle,
Und sometimes get skedaddled too?
Vell, if dem pig officers did it,—
Den vot did dem Brivates do?

VI

Who marched in de dust and de sunshine,
Und carried his knapsack und gun?
Und hunt all de while for a furlough,
Und didn't find never a von?
Who buildt all dem vorts und dem Bridges,
Und trenches und Rifle-pits too? ?
Ov dem "shoulder strap" vellers did it,
Den vot did dem Brivates do?

VII

Who took all de rough und de tumble
In rain and in snow and in heat?
Who stood in de front in de battle
Und brot up de rear in retreat?
I doaned vould go back on dem Shenerals,
Vor dey did purty vell, und dots true,

THE A. M. CRARY MEMOIRS

But vot give dem deir stars and deir glory,
Vas de dings vot dem Brivates do!

VIII

So den, ven you give dem some glory,
Youst dink of de men in de ranks.
Und rememper dem shattered old veterans
Grows awful tired livin' on "thanks."
Ven you ask how much pension to pay dem,
Youst tell us how much to pay you
To stand youst one hour and be shot at
Like, for years, dem poor Brivates do?

IX

But dem officers earn all yer give dem,
Vor dey sometimes doan fare werry vell;
Und dem Brivates dey find all de Shickens,
Und dem officers deoan get a schmell.
But den ve vas all on a level
Ven dem "kraybacks" vas goin' for you,
Vor you all had to scratch like everydings,—
Youst de same vot dem Brivates do!

X

So ve stands by dem Shenerals und Gurnels
Ov you offer dem any abuse,
Vor ef VE gets a chance to be Shenerals
By gracious! you dink we refuse?
But I yust vas a goin' to mention,
Dat now—ven dot var vas all droo;—
Dem officers go vor dot Bension—
Yуст der same vat dem Brivates do!

THE A. M. CRARY MEMOIRS

BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

We will rally from the hillside, gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

CHORUS

The Union forever, Hurrah, boys Hurrah,
Down with the traitor, up with the star;
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

We are springing to the call of three hundred thousand more,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;
And we'll fill the vacant ranks of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

CHORUS

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Bring the good old bugle, boys! we'll sing another song—
Sing it with the spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it fifty thousand strong,
While we are marching through Georgia.

CHORUS—"Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!"
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

THE A. M. CRARY MEMOIRS

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary "found"!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast,"
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast;
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the host,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS

BANTA TIM

I reckon I get your drift, gents,
You 'low the boy sha'n't stay;
This is a whiteman's country,
You're Democrats, you say.
And whereas and seein' and wherefore,
The times bein' all out of jint,

THE A. M. CRARY MEMOIRS

The nigger has got to mosey,
From the limits of Spunky Pint.

Let's reckon the thing a minit;
I'm an old fashioned Democrat, too;
But I laid my politics out o' the way,
To keep till the war was through.
And I come back here allowin'
To vote as I used to do,
Tho' it gravels me like the devil to train
Along with such fools as you.

Now dog my cats if I can see,
In all the light o' the day,
What you've got to do with the question
Ef Tim shall go or stay,
And furder than this I give you notice,
Ef one of you teches the boy,
He kin check his trunk to a warmer clime
Than he'll find in Illinoy.

Why, blame your hearts, jest hear me,
Do you know that ungodly day,
When our left struck Vicksburg Heights
How torn and tattered we lay.
When the last retreated I staid behind,
For reasons sufficient to me,
With a rib caved in, and a leg on a strike,
As I sprawled on that cursed glacee.

Lord, how the sun shone down,
And how br'iled and blistered and burned,
How the rebel bullets whizzed around us,

THE A. M. CRARY MEMOIRS

When a cuss in his death grip turned;
When along toward dusk I seen a thing
I couldn't believe for a spell;
That nigger—that Tim—was crawlin to me
Through that fire proof—gilt edged hell.

The rebels seen him as quick as me,
And the bullets buzzed like bees;
But he jumped for me, and shouldered me,
Though a shot brought him once to his knees.
But he staggered up and packed me off,
With a dozen stumbles and falls,
Till safe in our lines he dropped us both,
His black hide riddled with balls.

So, my gentle gazelles, that's my answer,
And here stays Banta Tim.
He trumped Death's ace for me that day,
And I'm not goin' back on him.
You may rezoloot till the cows come home,
But ef one of you teches the boy,
He'll wrastle his hash in hell to night,
Or my name's not Tilmon Joy.

—JOHN HAY

THE LITTLE BRONZE BUTTON

How dear to the heart of each gray headed soldier
Are thoughts of the days when he still wore the blue;
While memory recalls every trial and danger

THE A. M. CRARY MEMOIRS

And scenes of the past are brought back to his view,
Though long since discarding his arms and equipments
There's one thing most surely a soldier will note
(Though features be changed and wrinkled his forehead),
Is the little bronze button he wears on his coat.

Chorus—

The sacred bronze button,
The Grand Army button,
The little bronze button,
He wears on his coat.

"How much did it cost?" said a man to the soldier,
"That little flat button you wear on your coat?"
"Ten cents in good money," he answered the stranger
"And four years of fighting and marching to boot.
The wealth of the world cannot purchase this emblem
Except that the buyer once wore the brave blue,
And it shows to mankind the full marks of a hero,
A man who to honor and country was true."

Then let us be proud of the little bronze button
And wear it with spirit both loyal and bold.
Fraternally welcome each one who supports it
With love in our hearts for the comrades of old
Each day musters out whole battalions of wearers
And soon will be missed the love token so dear;
But millions to come will remember with honor
The man who'd the right the bronze button to wear.

THE A. M. CRARY MEMOIRS

WE'RE OUT OF MEAT.

Governor Taylor of Tennessee, commonly known as "The Pardoning Governor" tells a good story in one of his Chautauqua lectures, about an old colored "Mammy" who applied to him for a pardon for her old man who was in the Pen and she wanted very much to get him home in time for Christmas.

The Governor heard the old "Mammy's" story through, then asked her what the old man was in for, to which she replied: "Jest for stealin' a few sides of meat, Honey." Of course the Governor refused, point blank to issue a pardon, therefore the old 'oman started for the door, crying.

The Governor finally called her back and asked her what particular reason she had for wanting the old nigger home. To this the old "Mammy" replied: "Well, Gov'nor, Honey, de truth of de matter is, We're Jest 'bout out o' Meat."

BRYAN ON A WATERMELON.

I was eating a piece of watermelon some months ago and was struck with its beauty. I took some of the seeds and dried them, then weighed them and found that it would require some 5,000 seeds to weigh a

THE A. M. CRARY MEMOIRS

pound. Then I applied mathematics to that forty-pound melon. One of these seeds was put into the ground, and when warmed by the sun and moistened by the rain, it takes off its coat and goes to work. It gathers from somewhere two hundred thousand times its own weight and forcing this raw material through a tiny stem, constructs a watermelon. It ornaments the outside with a covering of green; inside the green it puts a layer of white, and within the white a core of red, and all through the red it scatters seeds, each one capable of continuing the work of reproduction.

Who drew the plan by which that little seed works? Where does it get its tremendous strength? Where does it find its coloring matter? How does it collect its flavoring extract? How does it develop a watermelon? Until you can explain a watermelon, do not be too sure that you can set limits to the power of the Almighty and say just what he would do or how he would do it.—The Prince of Peace.

THE RETURNED BATTLE FLAGS

Nothing but flags, but simple flags,
Tattered and torn and hanging in rags;
And we walk beneath them with careless tread,
Nor think of the hosts of the mighty dead

THE A. M. CRARY MEMOIRS

That have marched beneath them in days gone by,
With a burning cheek and a kindling eye,
And have bathed their folds with their life's young tide,
And, dying, blessed them, and blessing, died.

Nothing but flags, yet methinks, at night
They tell each other their tale of fight;
And dim spectres come and their thin arms twine
Round each standard torn, as they stand in line.
As the word is given—they charge, they form,
And the dim hall rings with the battle's storm,
And once again, through smoke and strife,
These colors lead to a nation's life.

Nothing but flags, yet they're bathed with tears;
They tell of triumphs, of hopes, of fears,
Of a mother's prayers, of a boy away,
Of a serpent crushed, of the coming day.
Silent they speak, and the tear will start
As we stand beneath them with throbbing heart,
And think of those who are ne'er forgot—
Their flags come home, why come they not?

Nothing but flags, yet we hold our breath,
And gaze with awe at those types of death,
Nothing but flags, yet the thought will come,
The heart must pray, though the lips be dumb;
They are sacred, pure and we see no stain
On those dear loved flags come home again;
Baptized in the blood of our purest and best,
Tattered and torn, they're now at rest.

—Moses Owen

THE A. M. CRARY MEMOIRS

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG.

I wandered today to the hill, Maggie,
To watch the scenes below;
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie,
As we used to long ago.

The green grove has gone from the hill, Maggie,
Where first the daisies sprung;
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,
Since you and I were young.

CHORUS— And now we are aged and gray, Maggie,
And the trials of life are nearly done;
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

A city so silent and lone, Maggie,
Where the young and the gay and the best,
In polished white mansions of stone, Maggie,
Have each found a place of rest.
Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie,
And join in the songs that were sung,
For we sang as gay as they, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

They say I am feeble with age, Maggie,
My steps are less sprightly than then,
My face is a well written page, Maggie,
But time alone has the pen!
They say we are aged and gray, Maggie
As sprays by the white breakers flung;
But to me you're as fair as you were Maggie,
When you and I were young.

THE END

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